THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1829 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEB. 9 1935

DINNEFORD'S REGD

A daily dose of DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA not only keeps your Digestion in order, neutralises any excess of Stomach Acid, and encourages a natural action of the bowels. DINNEFORD'S also supplies tonic *magnesium* in the clear fluid form in which it is present in the blood and tissues. Magnesium provides by far the greater proportion of the mineral content of the brain and nerve tissue and much

nervous debility and general *malaise* is attributable to a deficiency of this vital mineral element of nutrition. Therefore DINNEFORD'S cannot fail to be generally beneficial, both physically and mentally. It is perfectly safe, for in more than a century it has never harmed even the most delicate infant. But be sure you get DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA, the *clear* fluid. Made in England.

Nothing else will keep you WELL so well

SEAGER'S LONDON GIN

THE CHOICE OF CONNOISSEURS SINCE 1805.

SEAGER EVANS & CO. LTD. MILLBANK DISTILLERY DEPTFORD S.E.8.

"THE SPIRIT OF TRAFALGAR"

TRADE MARK

Kikkoman

FOR HEALTH AND NOURISHMENT

The only **SAUCE** *made from the wonderful* **SOYA BEAN**

CONTAINING NO VINEGAR

One Shilling per bottle from all leading Grocers and Stores.

Everyone for McCALLUMS

Perfection SCOTS WHISKY

The Whisky for Everyone

BOLS KÜMMEL

ALWAYS WITH YOUR COFFEE

Others of the famous Liqueurs made in Amsterdam for more than 357 years:

CURAÇAO—an after-lunch liqueur.
BOLS BLANC—for your cocktail.
CREME DE MENTHE—aids digestion.
CHERRY BRANDY—warming.
MARASCHINO—on your grape fruit.
V. O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS)—one glass a day.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

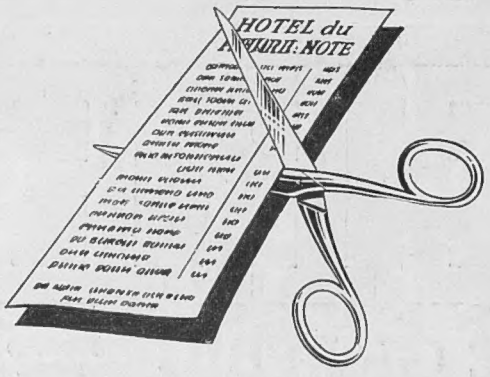
Prices from **4 gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1

GENASPRIN

THE *SAFE* BRAND OF ASPIRIN

Two Genasprin tablets taken at bed-time will ensure a good night's rest and an awakening free from languor or heaviness—a simple remedy for sleeplessness, but how effective!



Adjusting prices to the £

THE FRENCH RIVIERA

IS WITHIN YOUR REACH THIS WINTER

Whatever you desire of a holiday you will find on the French Riviera . . . a pleasant fashionable atmosphere . . . sport . . . ever changing entertainment . . .

SPECIAL REDUCED RATE 30-DAY RETURN TICKETS

at about a SINGLE FARE and a THIRD

from London every Monday and Saturday by any service.

25% REDUCTION

on 1st and 2nd class return Wagons-Lits or Pullman Supplements in France, booked in conjunction with these tickets and paid in advance.

HOTEL RATES HAVE BEEN REDUCED

A Holiday on the French Riviera will cost you no more in Sterling than it did in Gold Standard days.

IN EVERY WAY YOUR £ IS WORTH 20 SHILLINGS and . . .

SUNSHINE IS ALWAYS THERE!

For information apply to the

P.L.M. RAILWAY, *179-180, Piccadilly, W.1,*

Southern Railway Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.

YOUR GUESTS WILL ENJOY THEMSELVES BETTER AFTER A 'Dubonnet' COCKTAIL . . .

You make it this way . . .

⅔rds. DUBONNET
⅓rd. DRY GIN.

. . . Delicious, Exhilarating & a great aid to digestion

"Dubonnet"

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom

J. R. PARKINGTON & Co. Ltd., 161 New Bond Street, London, W.1

For a cool, rich smoke...

10D PER OZ.

ALSO AIRMAN MIXTURE
and AIRMAN FLAKE 10D oz
AIRMAN NAVY CUT DE-LUXE
11D oz.

P.A.42 A

VAPEX

BRAND
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

•

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour

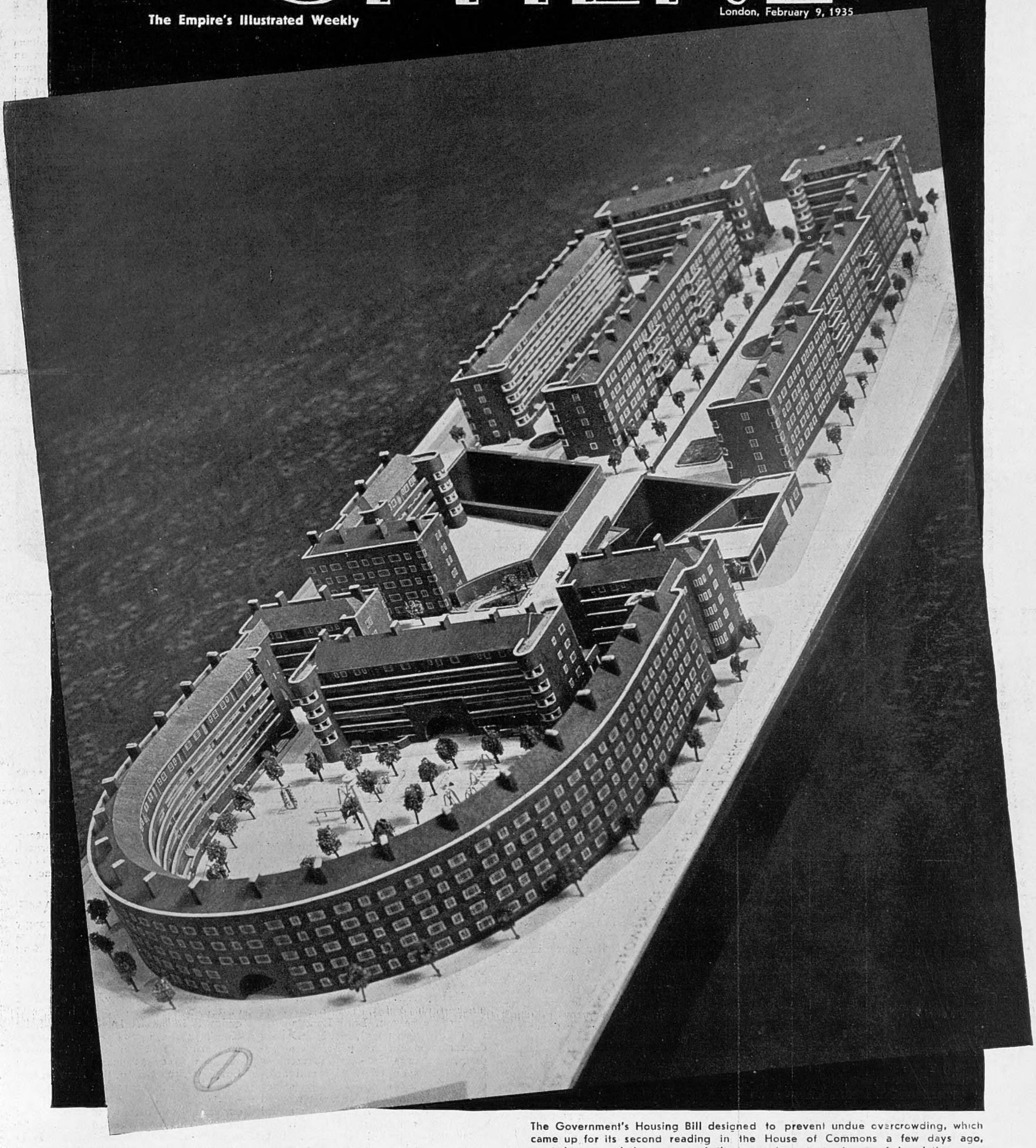
•

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V.115

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 9, 1935



RE-HOUSING THE WORKING MAN

A Model of a Block of Flats to be Built in Liverpool

The Government's Housing Bill designed to prevent undue overcrowding, which came up for its second reading in the House of Commons a few days ago, must be regarded as one of the most important pieces of legislation ever introduced into Parliament to deal with what has been for many years past a most serious social problem. The Bill gives a definite ruling as to what constitutes congestion, and lays down that where such congestion exists the persons affected must be provided with new houses or flats on or near the site of their old dwellings, and thus near to their place of employment. The above picture shows the design for a block of flats to be erected in Trowbridge Street, Liverpool, and which is now on view at an exhibition at the Ministry of Health of models and photographs of the latest types of working-class homes. It will be noted that there is a plenitude of balconies—essentials in four- or five-storeyed buildings where it is necessary to keep the baby in the open air but, at the same time, under surveillance—while there are central courtyards where the older children may play without exposing themselves to the traffic dangers in the streets

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT: M. Laval (Minister for Foreign Affairs) (left), and M. Flandin (Prime Minister) (right), leaving the French Embassy after lunch there on Saturday. They then went on to Downing Street, where they continued their series of formal discussions with Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, Sir John Simon, and Mr. Anthony Eden, during which the two parties formulated proposals designed to safeguard the peace of Western Europe. The main plan is that an invitation should be issued to the other Locarno Powers—Italy, Germany, and Belgium—to consider with France and Great Britain the negotiation of a pact guaranteeing mutual assistance of their air forces against sudden aerial aggression by one of the contracting parties

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 6, 1935.

A NEW HOPE.—Those who took part in the late "French conversations" sprang a very happy surprise last Sunday on the public, and, indeed, on all who were outside the door of the conference room. None anticipated such swift, such novel, such concrete, such clear proposals. They came as a "bombshell." They cover four subjects, two of vital importance. That which is most novel and most clearly defined is the proposal to invite the signatories to the Locarno Pact—Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium—to join in a new convention by which their combined air armaments would be pledged to instant retaliation on an aggressor *within their ranks*. The chief points to be noted in this item are:

(*a*) The reality of the danger of a sudden attack by air, irresistible because unforeseen, is now accepted all the world over.

(*b*) The new air convention would give Britain something which Locarno did not give her—security as well as responsibility. The security also which we most need. We can still deal tolerably well with naval attack, and attack by land forces is not a vital danger in our case.

(*c*) The prospect of Italy "coming in" to the new air convention is not very bright.

(*d*) The "aggressor" against whom joint air action would be taken will be a signatory only.

The second vital clause is in vaguer terms: The general settlement by free negotiation between Germany and the other Powers to provide the organization of security in Europe on the lines of the Rome agreement.

> "The settlement, on the lines of December 11, 1932, would establish agreements regarding armaments which, in the case of Germany, would replace the provisions of Article V of the Treaty of Versailles, at present limiting the armed forces of Germany. It would also be part of the general settlement that Germany should resume her place in the League."

Vaguely but vitally, the modification of that fatal Article V is thus foreshadowed. On that the hope of Germany receiving the new proposal hopefully rests. The other two main items are an expression of faith in the League and a common approval of the Rome agreement, with a fairly clear expression of British willingness to join in diplomatic action to preserve the integrity of Austria. There are many "buts" in this new hope, and a mass of suspicion will have to be cleared away. At home we shall hear that France has once more led Britain by the nose, and in Germany the vagueness of the proposal to modify Article V will be a handicap to general approval of the new proposals.

IN BRIEF AGAIN.—So much that is interesting is just now daily in the news that it must be "News in Brief" again. Mr. George's future, for example. If a great newspaper's intelligence department is not at fault, an "informal approach" is to be made to him by Government representatives to ascertain upon what terms he would join the National Government. The deputation which will wait on Cincinnatus at his prosperous farm at Churt is certainly sure of one thing: that the fact of Mr. George's being included in the National Government would immensely enhance its prospect of success at the next General Election. But even if Mr. George consented to join the Government now, it would by no means follow that he would consent to join the next—at least in a subordinate position. And the conditions—if under any conditions he would agree? What complications and adjustments of personnel the intriguing rumour suggests! Some say he would never serve in a Government with Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Runciman. Many feel sure that Mr. MacDonald would not serve with Mr. George nor vice versa.

A NOTABLE QUARTETTE: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Walter Runciman, Mr. Anthony Eden, M. Flandin and M. Laval in Downing Street for last Saturday's meeting of the Cabinet, which was specially summoned

Time was when Mr. Baldwin said ditto to Mr. MacDonald. And, if entry were arranged on terms, would Mr. George bring a new recruit or two attached to his coat tails? Mr. Churchill, perhaps. It's a most stimulating political rumour. But only a rumour.

. . .

Television is to come for the few—the rich—the dwellers in Greater London this autumn. These lucky few will spend £50 to £80 on an attachment to their sound-box, and will enjoy the "little pictures" (8 ins. by 6 ins.). The Cesarewitch finish, the opening of the grouse season, Lord Lonsdale up (on that famous pony), Mr. MacDonald delivering a stirring pre-election address, autumn military manœuvres (with troops on the march and field-cookers), or a portrait of the latest ace to break the air, land, or water speed records. I suppose it will be an added spice to news-hearing. I trust it will not prove a blow to Fleet Street. I am myself in no hurry for the price of the sight-screen to fall to my level. I shall always prefer my news—penny plain and not tuppence coloured.

. . .

Meanwhile Colonel Alan Dawnay has found the strain of directing the B.B.C. output too great, and has tendered his resignation.

. . .

If rumour is not a lying jade, those troops at manœuvres may before long be "shot" on the 130,000 wild acres of Dartmoor. The Surrey and Hants commons are grudging hosts, and in any case unsuitable for serious mechanized army manœuvres. Salisbury Plain is getting dangerously suburbanized, and Dartmoor is now the only stretch of country in reasonable reach of Aldershot where manœuvres worth organizing can be held.

A NATIONAL THEATRE AND POET.—"So this," for generations past have said foreign tourists, standing in Leicester Square amid the ghastly sculptuary of the egregious 'Baron' Grant, "is your London memorial to your greatest literary genius." Strange, indeed, and typical of our race that the Englishman of all others who for at least one century in our history saved us from condemnation to barbarism by the view of more enlightened Europe, should be handed over, by the inertia of government and citizens, to be monstrously commemorated in gimcrack by a shady financier with a foreign title. But so it is. It was in 1908 that, other proposals for a national theatre as a national memorial to Shakespeare having failed, the Shakespeare Memorial Committee met at the Lyceum under Lord Lytton's presidency and launched its great and hopeful appeal for the big sum necessary to remove an everlasting reproach and to begin the serious education of the race in taste and beauty and decency.

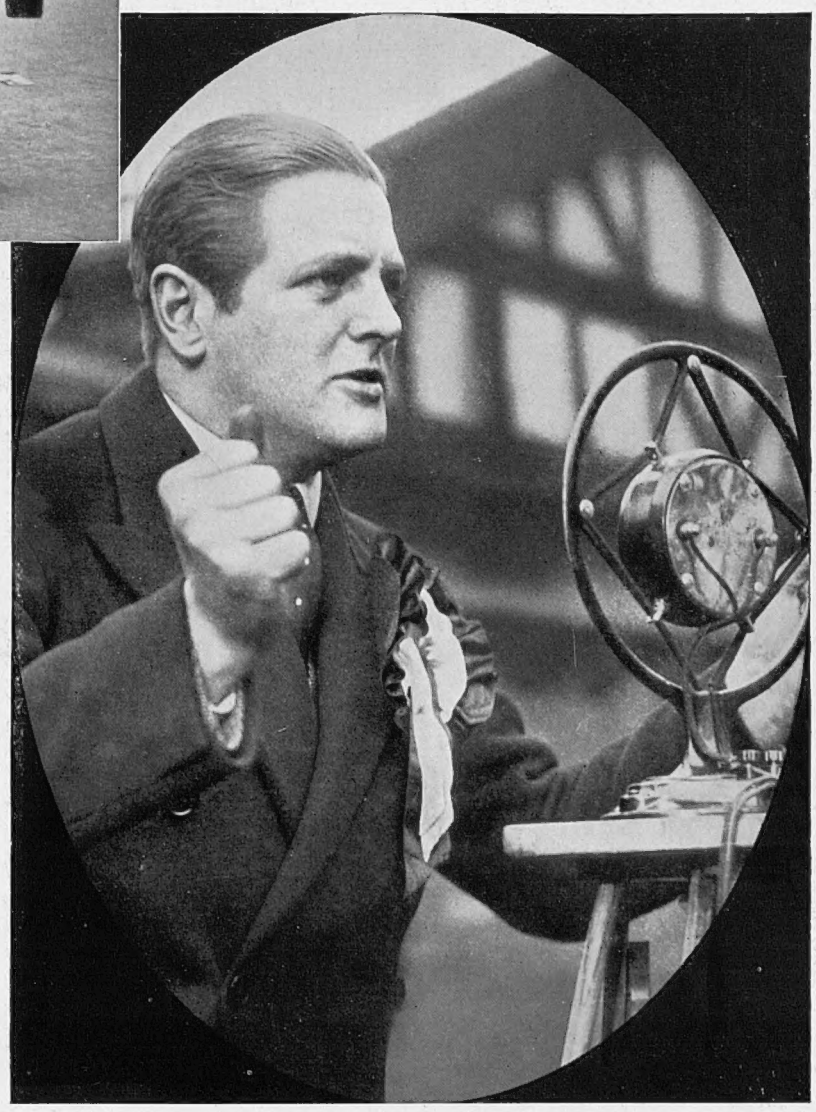
AND A NATIONAL SHAME.—But circumstances were too strongly leagued against the project. Endless troubles—all the troubles of King George's troubled reign—intervened, and the Great War and the great depression put the lid on the public cash-box. And to-day only one-third of the money needed to build and endow is in hand. In the year of the King's Jubilee, in the year of returned prosperity, the Committee resumes its efforts with confidence. It asks the Londoner, the Briton, the Empire, and the foreigner in our midst to find quickly £350,000 and to wipe out the blot on our escutcheon before the Jubilee year ends. This new theatre is not to be a dusty museum of antiques. It is designed first of all to encourage new dramatic talent while it seeks to glorify and preserve all that is finest in British literature, poetry, and speech. Shakespeare is not dead, but sleepeth. Go to the Wells and the Vic and you will find that the Sleeping Beauty lacks no princes, though they seek her out on foot and not in gold coaches. It is the rich and not the poor who have brought about our national shame. Now is the time for the rich (for the poor man's mite is assured) to redeem their ill-fame, and give London one chance more to build fine foundations and noble façades in a city of shoddy and tinsel.

GREEN BELTS.—The London County Council as at present constituted has already shown that it is far-sighted and possesses courage, constructive ideas, energy, and determination. Possibly, like so many local authorities in Socialist hands, it is open to the charge of precipitation due to a determination while power remains in its hands, to leave behind a substantial memorial of what Socialism in office can achieve—a memorial and an invitation to further support. The L.C.C. has clearly foreseen the approaching ruin of the amenities of Greater London, due to the uncontrolled development by the juggernaut and haphazard methods of speculative building of the ever-increasing boundaries of the metropolis. To save something from the wreck, to prevent London from becoming the monstrous and hideous scar which certain northern cities already and irretrievably are, it has decided to co-operate to the extent of £2,000,000 (to be spread over the next three years) with the local authorities of the new suburbs to secure open spaces for the still greater London of the future. The enchantment of the London of our ancestors, right up to 1825, was that the capital was a *rus in urbe* and that Londoners had no need to make a day's journey in order to taste the joys of country life. Country life could be enjoyed within a stone's throw of Parliament and business offices. That blessing may be said to have been finally removed when Mr. Cubitt in the 1820's turned the damp swamps of the "Five Fields" into Belgravia and his example gave an impetus to similar development all over central London without forethought and solely from commercial considerations. The charm of city life dies when the citizen can no longer keep touch with country life during his working hours. But the problem of the green belt is no longer and is not solely a material question of money and suitable land. It is far more a psychological one to-day.

Eden, and Sir John Simon, arriving in Downing to discuss the proposals put forward by

THE GREEN BELT OF THE MIND.—The green belt has got to be established not only in great cities but in the minds of the citizens. It is largely due to the lack of taste and understanding in local authorities, and in part to the absurd veneration which we accord to scientific inventions, that to-day the citizen is not worthy to enjoy green spaces when he possesses them. The local authority and in a minor degree the appropriate Government department, have in recent years totally missed the point in their treatment of such green spaces as they could control. They have everywhere proceeded to drive out Pan and to replace Nature with suburban amenities. They have sacrificed Nature to tidiness, and beauty to a disordered notion of sanitation and convenience. The public in large cities has forgotten the very meaning of natural beauty and lost the faculty of appreciating the countryside as God intended man to appreciate it. Bureaucracy has driven man from the Garden of Eden with railings, gravel paths, notices and litter boxes, and to-day the best use which cockneys can make of their green spaces is to turn them into a setting for their mechanical sound boxes and their public-house recreations. Before the Government and local authorities spend the ratepayers' money on new open spaces, they should set aside a large sum to be spent educationally in reclaiming green spaces in the public mind and making the citizens of great towns better fitted to enjoy, and more worthy to own, green spaces in their midst. And, having set on foot that great undoing of the insensate folly and tastelessness of past years, they should adopt a new principle in the management of new nature reserves. Let them trust rather to Nature than to the ingenuity of suburbanized councillors to render those green spaces truly attractive, restful, and wholesome to mind and body.

INDIA DEFENCE LEAGUE.—The protagonists of opposition to the Indian Reform Bill were much to the fore last week. Mr. Churchill used the microphone, and Lords Fitzalan, Lloyd, and Wolmer exploited their lawful occasions at a reception given in South Kensington by Sir Henry Page Croft. More than one of them was very insistent that the B.B.C. had not given the "opposition" a fair deal in the "India" debate series and that the B.B.C. was taking an actively partial line in propaganda for the Bill. As to the first complaint, I fancy it is a matter of numbers, and the striking of an exact proportion. As to the second charge, I have no view to express. I have seldom heard Mr. Churchill so unrelievedly bitter. Forceful, lively, pointed, he always is, and he stands alone (above the heads of all rivals, even L. G.) in sheer oratorical technique. But usually at his most bitter and destructive, he relieves his speech with flashes of humanity and humour. It was not so in his microphone speech. It was bitterness unrelieved and nothing like so effective as its superb predecessor in a former series. Lord Lloyd was as usual sincere. His line of argument was that there could be no return, no means to retrieve the appalling mistake, if Federation should bring about political and economic chaos. It was a Château d'If for all who entered it. Lord Wolmer charged every institution concerned, including Government and B.B.C., with stampeding, packing, and nobbling from sheer panic of mind.



THE MICROPHONE MANNER: Mr. Randolph Churchill, twenty-three-year-old son of Mr. Winston Churchill, addressing an open-air meeting before this week's by-election at Wavertree. His decision to stand as an Independent Conservative candidate in direct opposition to Mr. Platt, the party nominee, aroused tremendous interest, and the gift of eloquence he has inherited from his father has drawn large audiences to all his meetings

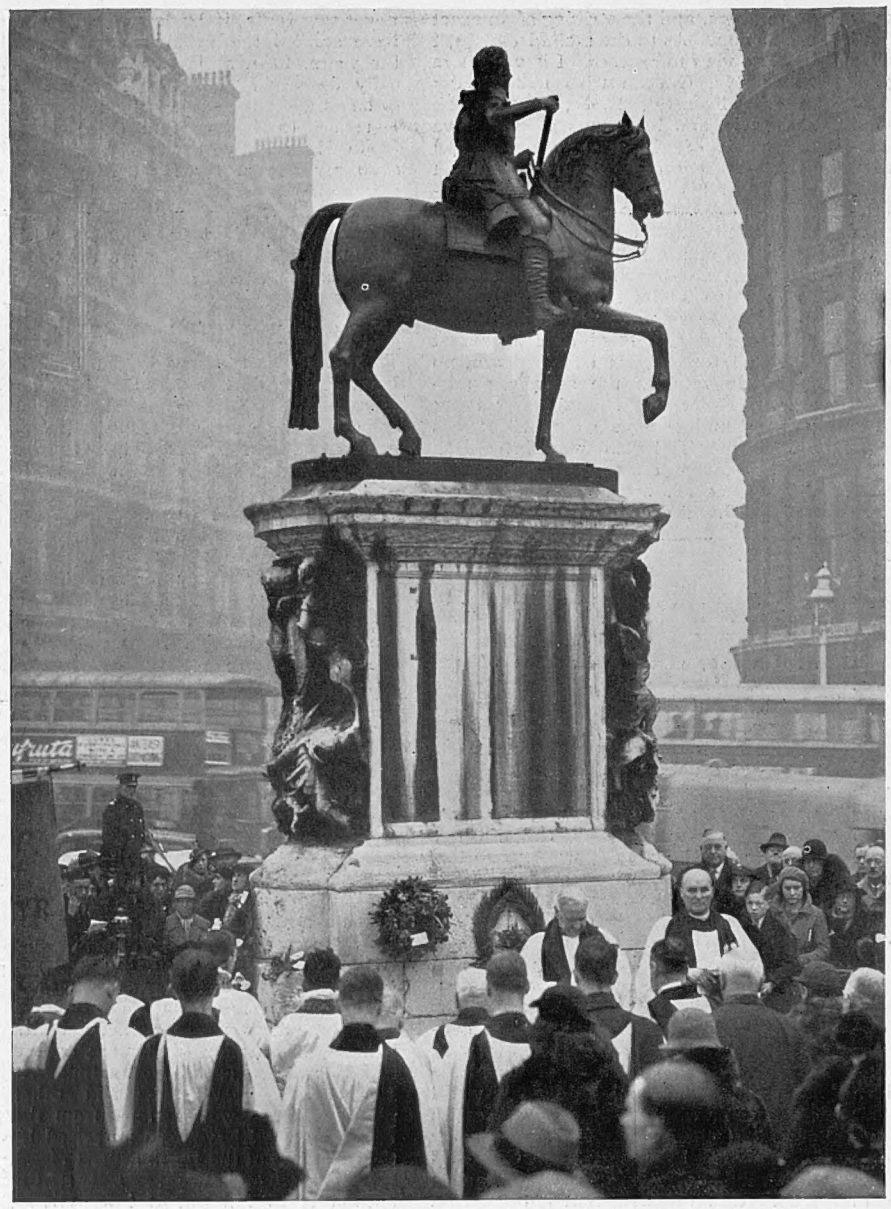
A PLAIN MAN'S DILEMMA.—This big bloc of opposition criticism is, I think, more reminiscent of the political bitterness of the Irish trouble just before the War than has been any other post-War political question. I am afraid it is true that the average voter does not concern himself enough with the Indian question, and Mr. Churchill was perfectly fair in pointing out that, should disaster overtake India, every man-jack in the country would soon feel the pinch. The whole crux, as I see it, is this: can the average man (who is really concerned with the welfare of the Empire) adequately form an opinion for himself on a subject so intricate, and concerning a country he has never seen, whose complexities even Anglo-Indians only partially comprehend? If he cannot, what can he do but blindly trust the larger camp of experts who have been afforded every possible facility and evidence on which to base a compromise of a step which since 1917 has become inevitable? I am told by Mr. Churchill the problem concerns me vitally, and I must form an independent judgment on it. He is justified in telling me so. My dilemma is this: what hope have I of arriving at a right judgment who never saw India, if leaders of men who have studied the problems on the spot for years, form at last views diametrically opposed? I believe Lord Lloyd to be an upright and intelligent patriot. I refuse to believe that (e.g.) Lord Irwin is exactly the reverse. Not even my respect for Lord Lloyd will weaken my admiration for Lord Irwin's character. There's my dilemma. . . . What is truth? I sympathize with Pilate. How can I discover the truth if the experts cannot?

THE HONEST EARTH.—The Earth is nothing if not honest. Farmers may declare that they have for many generations put more gold into her than they have taken out, but that is a figure of speech. In a more literal sense, it was manifested last week how strictly honourable the old, brown Earth is in its dealings with men. An air liner from Paris discharged from the clouds bar gold to the value of £6,000 or more for which the police and public of Essex, Kent, and Sussex energetically searched, until it was found in the Department of the Somme in France. For a short time the Earth, which received the gold, kept its secret. It loves the feel of newly-mined gold. But it recognised its obligations and gave back a few quids for that heaven-sent "quo." At the same hour, Mr. Chell of Muckleford Farm, Dorchester, discovered, thanks to the hooves of his cattle, a considerable hoard of sovereigns and crowns of the reigns of James and Charles I. If the "quid" was not equal in value to the "quo," the essential business decency of the Earth is none the less to be applauded, more especially now that all the precious jetsam has been recovered. But the event supplies other reasons for comment. I have always foreseen that a new problem would one day arise in connection with flying—the question of damage caused by heavy objects falling from aeroplanes. I visualised heavy bolts and other pieces of metal working loose from the machines and I have been surprised by the immunity of the Earth hitherto from this dangerous jettison. But if the bottom is to fall out of international freight-carrying air concerns, the risks of life will be still more gravely increased. It is abundantly clear that closer inspection of freights packed in aeroplanes must be enforced, and that before authority to carry goods by air can be given, the floor spaces reserved for freight must be so strengthened as to safeguard the dangers from the shifting of cargo due to sudden jerks or twists of the machine in flight. The impact of that discharge of bar gold must have been tremendous, sufficient to drill a hole from roof to basement of a substantially built house. The onus is on those—official and commercial—who control air services, and their responsibility to the public is great.

ART OF MARIETTE LYDIS.—I shall be surprised if London art-lovers are not finding in the exhibition of Mariette Lydis' drawings, etchings, and paintings at the Leicester Galleries much to interest and please them. Londoners like originality and they will find it here. They love often for tradition's sake what is old and they will find that the art of this lady has come full circle. She can be post-War and she can be early-Persian. I have not the jargon of the art critic. I am inarticulate in a studio or gallery. I never buy pictures but . . . I bought a Lydis print, and am agog to think that in eight days from now I shall hang it on my wall. In my print she has interpreted the eighteenth century in London, frail humanity, and woman, with more grace and less cynicism than, and as much humour and shrewdness as, Hogarth. I understand she was self-taught and has lived in every corner of Europe. She is already very well known as an illustrator and her husband I believe is himself a publisher of fine editions. They must indeed make a fine and efficient team. Paris, Milan, Amsterdam, Florence, and Vienna hang her more serious works. She and her husband bade farewell to London yesterday on their return to Paris, but her exhibition remains open in Leicester Square for one more week. There are works of two other artists on show there also—and well worth seeing.

THE OLD STAGER.

HAPPENINGS IN FOUR C

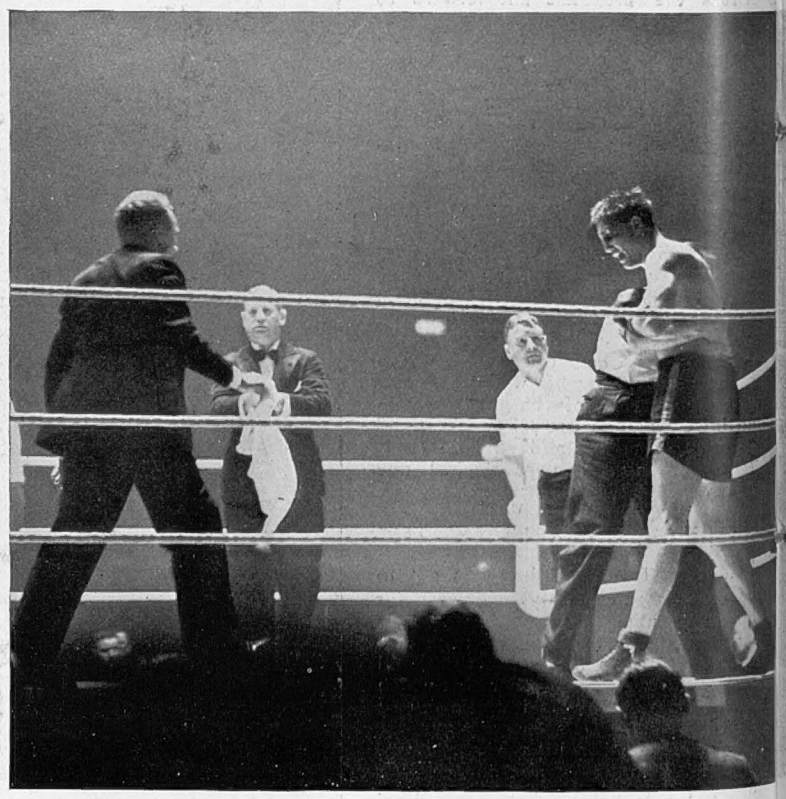


IN REMEMBRANCE: The scene during the memorial service held by members of the Royal Martyr Church Union at the base of the statue of Charles I in Trafalgar Square on the 286th anniversary of the King's execution. Buglers sounded the "Last Post" and "Reveille" at the end of the proceedings

"LITTLE BRIDGETS," who are trained by the Sisters of Charity, processing from St. Bridget. There was more than one saint of this name—one was a patroness o A.D., another was a Swedish Roman Catholic nun, born about the year 1302, wh spread in influence throughou

ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE: Rear-Admiral Binney, Chief of Staff and Maintenance Captain to the Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth, inspecting the officers and men of H.M.S. *Wellington* just before the vessel left for New Zealand. She is a sloop of about 1,050 tons displacement and has a speed of 16 knots

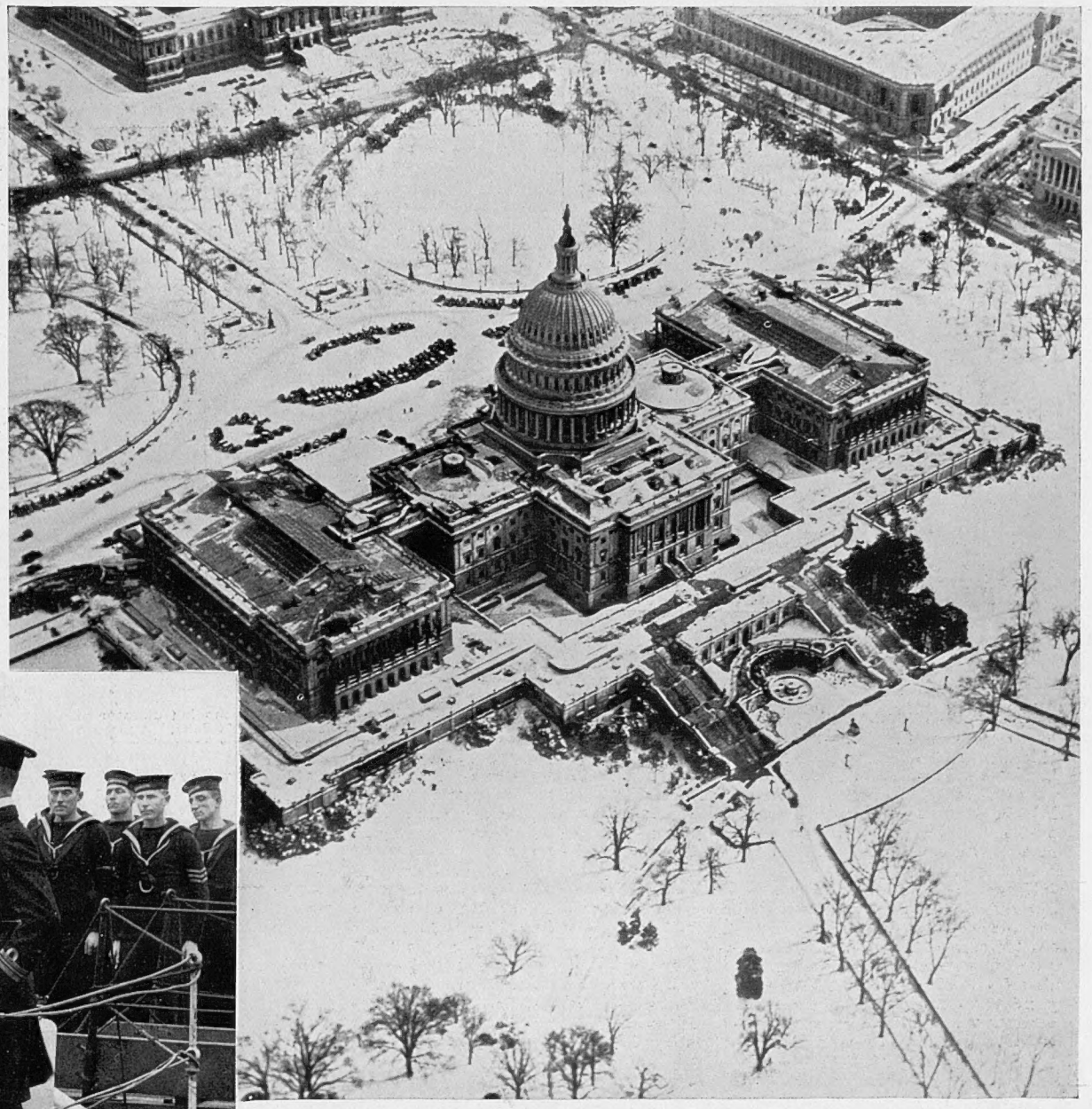
FOR SERVICE DOWN UNDER: The first of twelve "Vildebeest" torpedo bombers which have been built for the New Zealand Government by Vickers Aviation, Ltd., being demonstrated at Weybridge by Mr. J. Summers, chief test pilot of Messrs. Vickers. Among those present was Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand



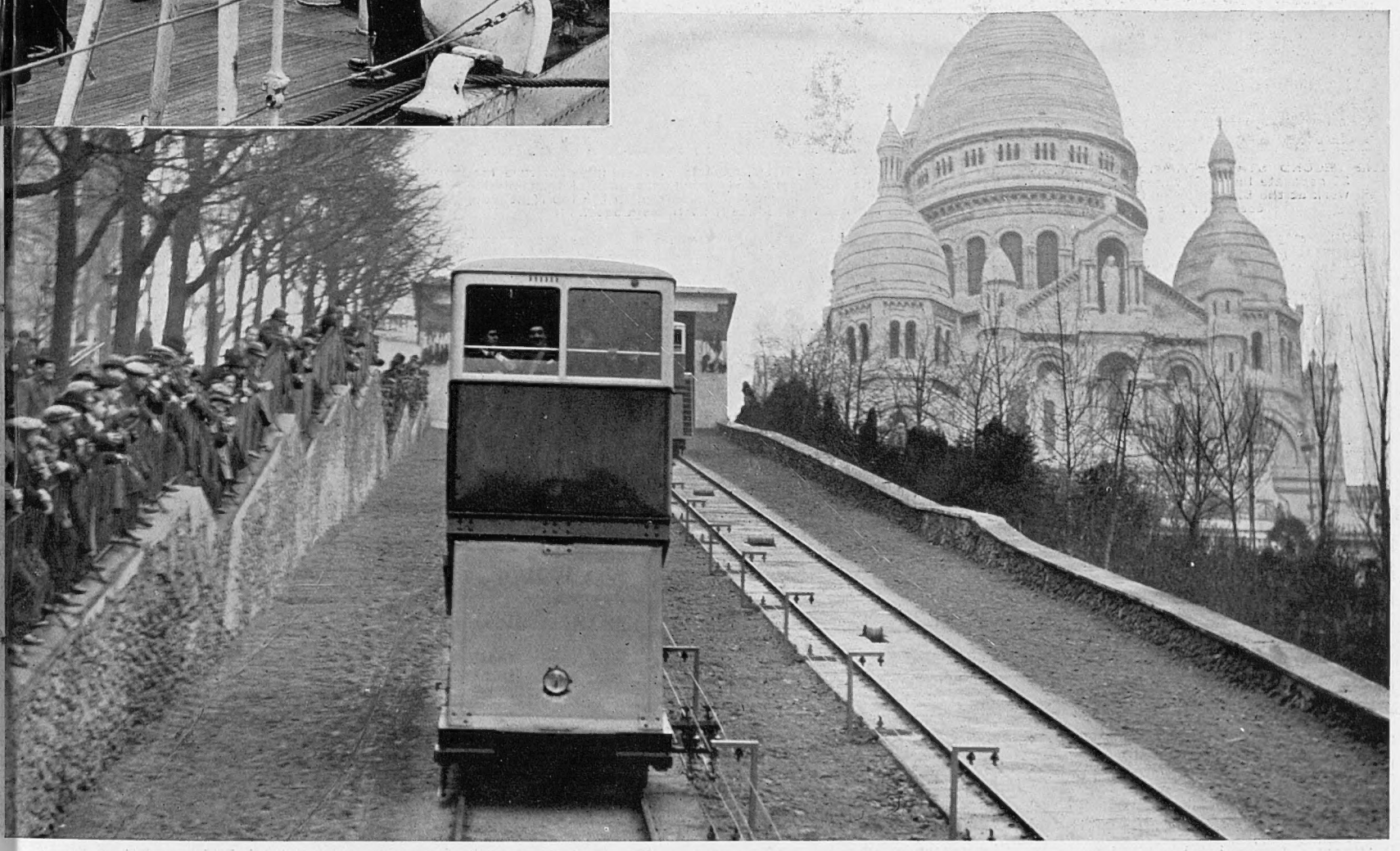
A BLOW TO BRITISH HOPES: Jack Petersen (right) being helped to his corner after his father had thrown in the towel in the eleventh round of his fight at Wembley with Walter Neusel, of Germany. The British champion received a severe cut above his left eye which almost completely obscured his vision

CAPITALS And Other Recent Events

James's Street Church, Dublin, on the feast day of Ireland and lived in the fifth and sixth centuries founded the Order of the Brigittines which rapidly Europe



AMERICA IN WINTER'S GRIP: An aerial view of the Capitol at Washington after the blizzard, the worst for fifteen years, which recently buried the city eleven inches deep in snow. Thousands of the unemployed were immediately mobilised to clear the streets and to prevent the business life of the capital from becoming dislocated



The old funicular, which used to take Parisians up to Montmartre on what they called "the penny ride to Heaven," has now been rebuilt and electrically equipped. This picture was taken last week, when the service was re-inaugurated, and shows on the right the famous Church of the Sacré-Cœur crowning the summit of the hill

"THE PENNY RIDE TO HEAVEN"

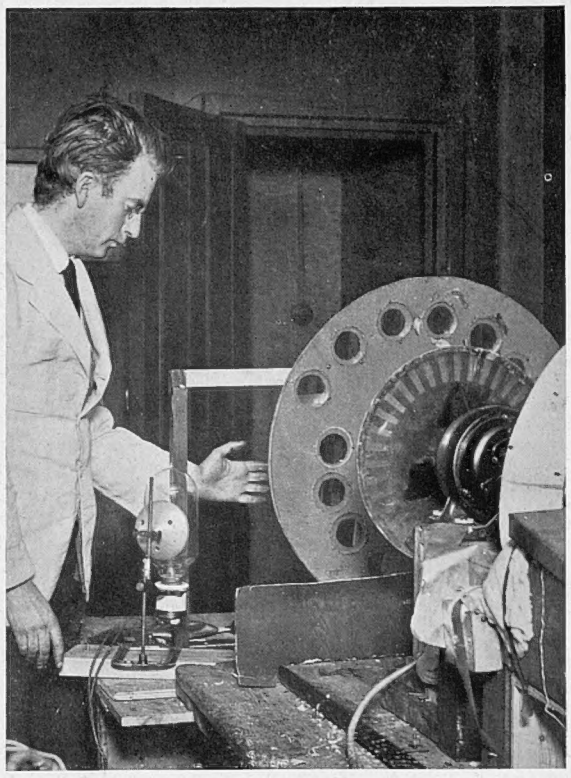
TELEVISION

The Three Stages of Development Illustrated

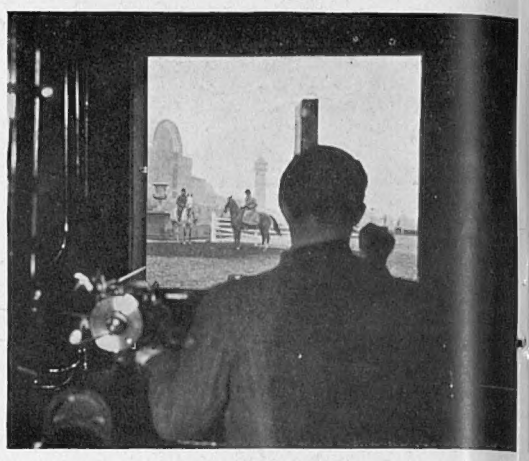
(1) The Rotating Scanning Disc

(2) The Mirror-Drum Camera

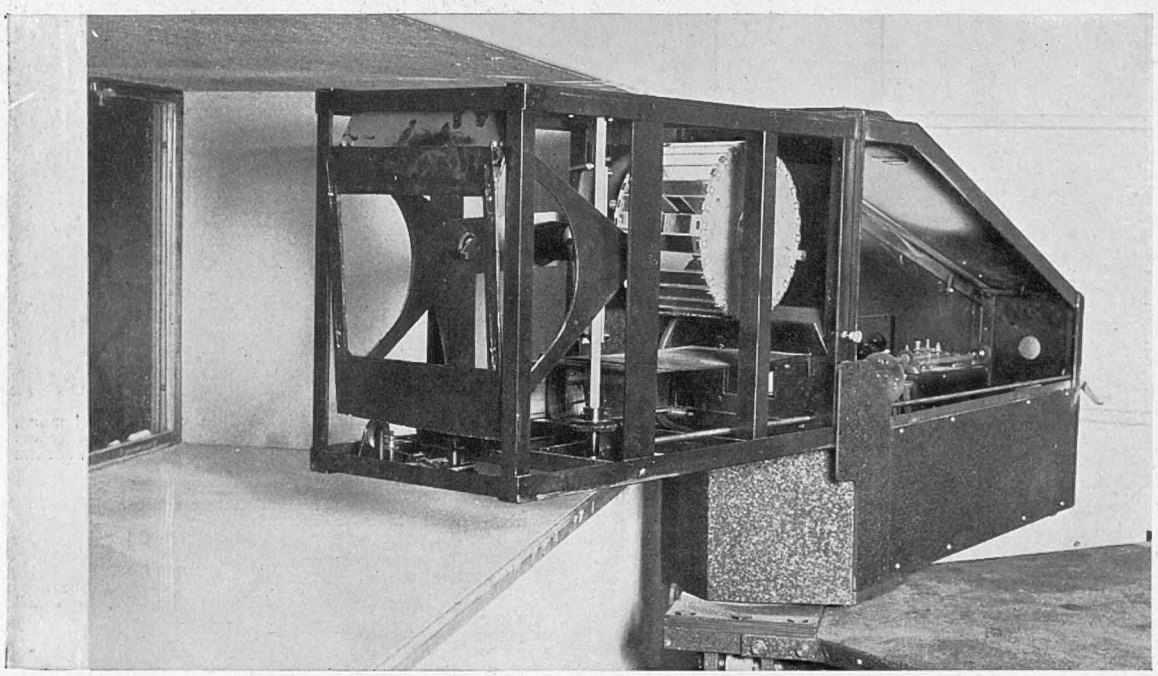
(3) The Electron Camera



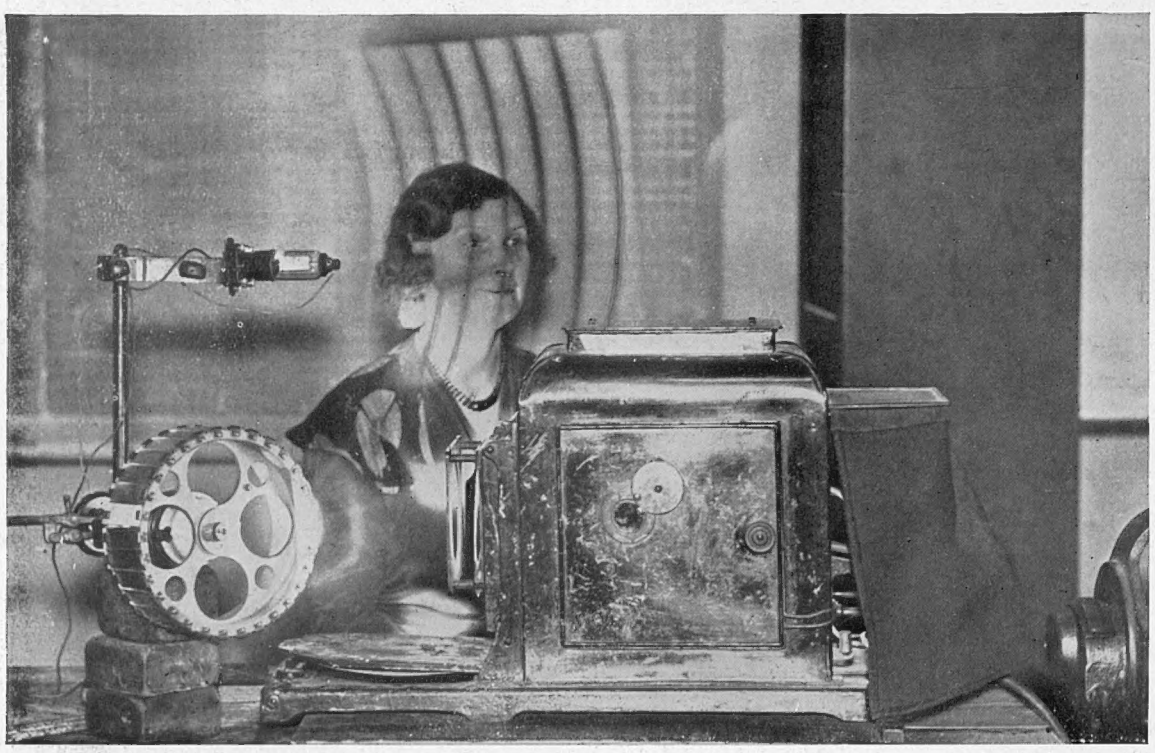
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING: *Left*—Mr. Logie Baird, the famous Scottish inventor and the managing director of Baird Television, Ltd., giving a demonstration of his first televisor. He is holding two ventriloquist's dolls. A picture taken in 1926. *Right*—The original rotating punched disc, invented by Mr. Baird, which has now been discarded



WHAT CAN BE DONE TO-DAY: Reproducing in a studio in the Crystal Palace an open-air scene on the terrace outside by means of the latest and most perfect method. According to the inventor it is now possible to televise the Derby or any other sporting event



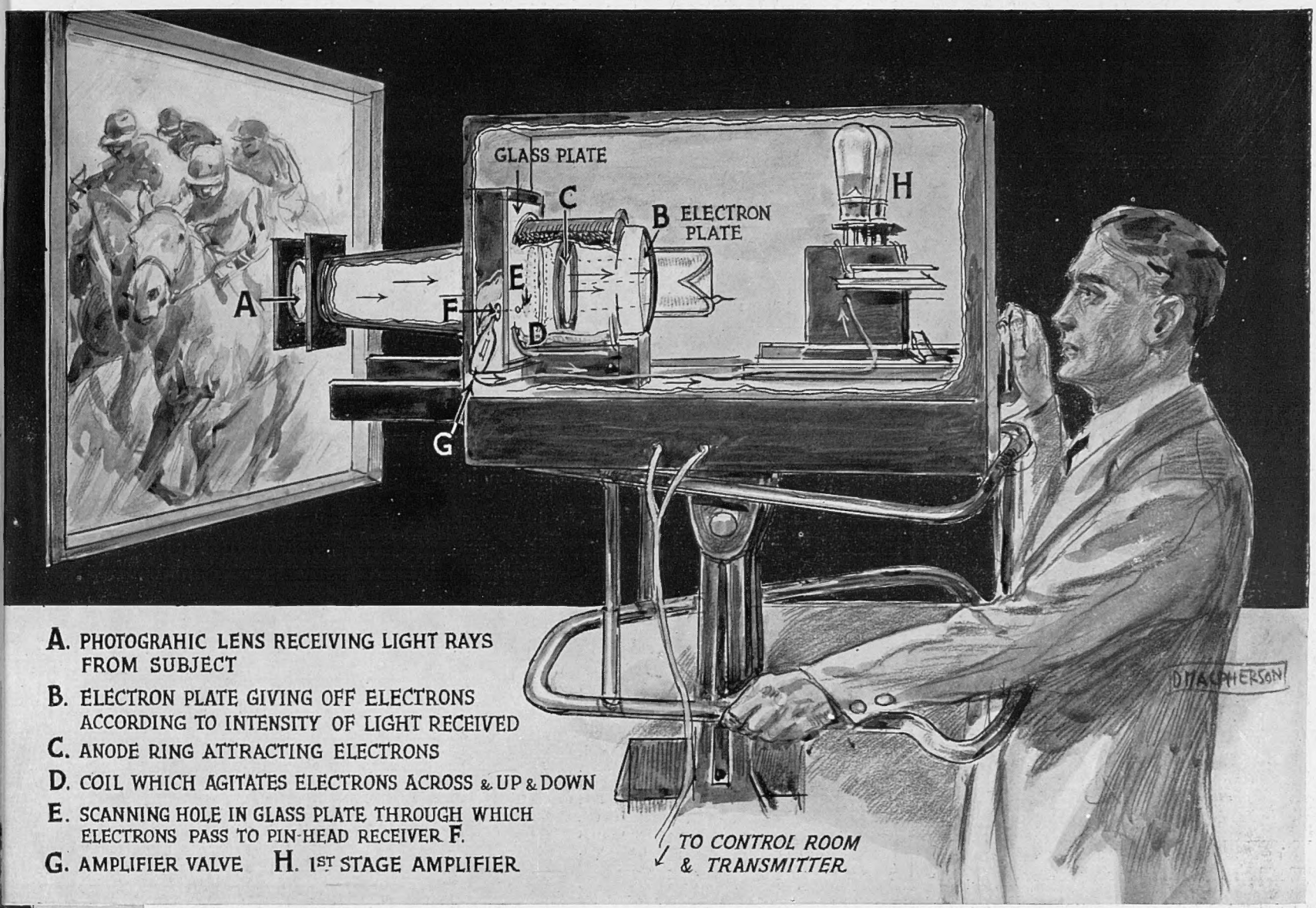
THE SECOND STAGE: The rotating mirror-drum camera, invented by Mr. Baird, capable of scanning a picture into 30 separate lines 12½ times a second. This apparatus, which has been employed during experimental transmission work at the B.B.C. during the past few years, is also obsolete, as the latest camera, shown in the top right hand corner of this page, can divide a picture into 240 lines and reproduce it 25 times a second



A PROBLEM SOLVED: On this now obsolete rotating mirror-drum camera the lines were apt to curve, often so much so that an image, when reproduced by the receiving apparatus, was seriously distorted. This difficulty has now been successfully overcome

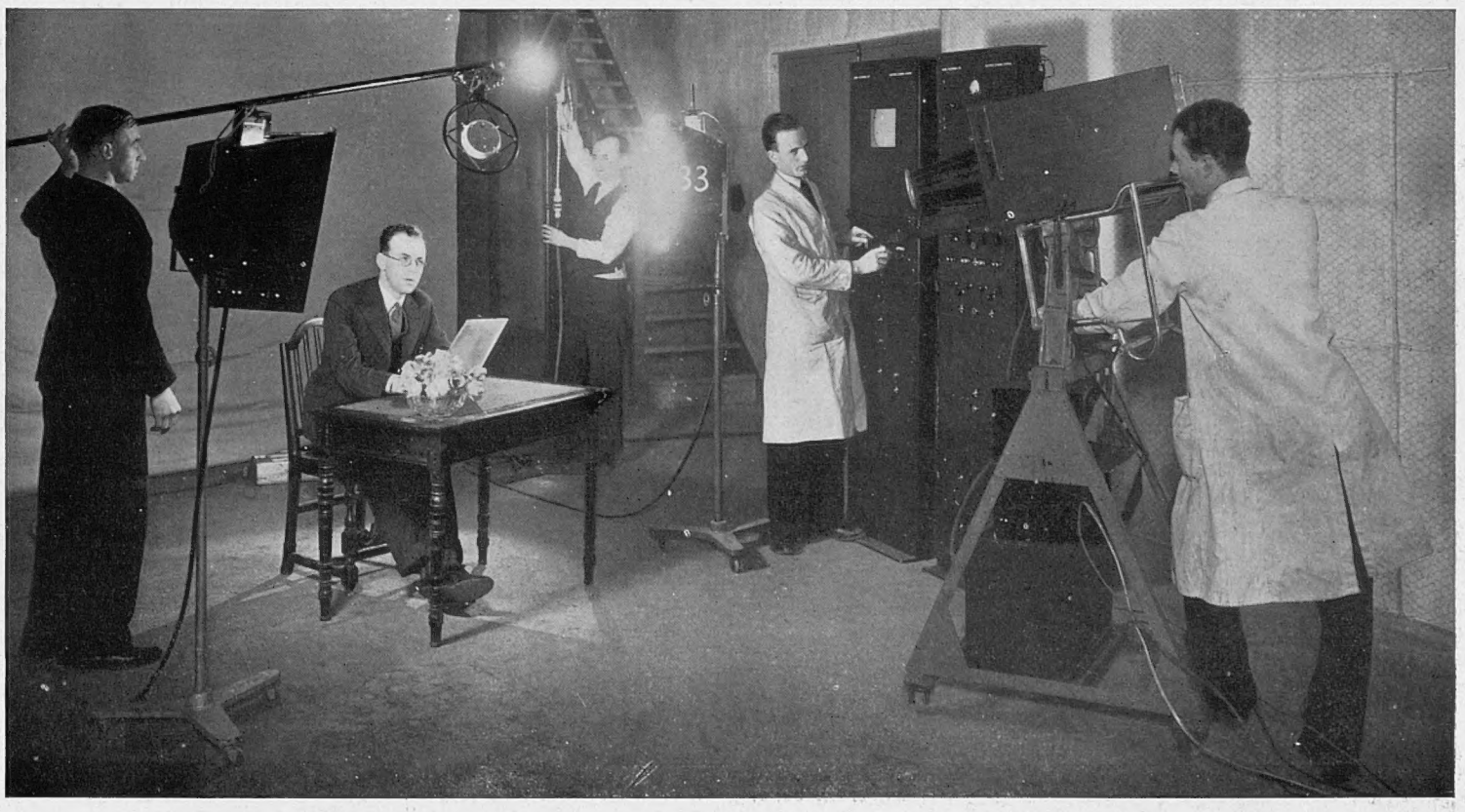
THE SOUTH TOWER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE: A short-wave vision transmitting aerial, and projecti are the aerials employed for transmitti

COMES TO STAY: Now a Practical Proposition After Years of Research



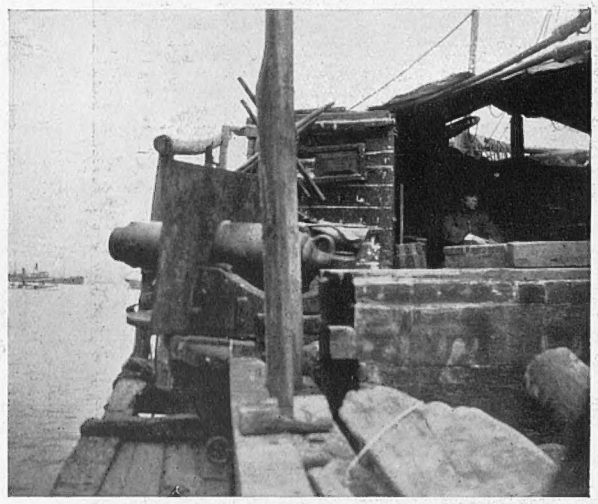
REVOLUTIONIZING RADIO: A diagram showing the latest television camera, evolved by Baird Television, Ltd., which does away entirely with the mirror-drum method of scanning and transmission, and which will be used by the B.B.C. for future broadcasts. It is entirely self-contained, is as easily portable as a cinematograph camera, and can be used for either indoor or outdoor work as it requires no special lighting arrangement to obtain a clearly-defined picture. The subject to be televised is taken through an ordinary camera lens on to a sensitive photo-electric plate giving off electrons in exact relation to the tones of the picture. Where the image is dark few electrons are given off and where it is light the reverse is the case. The image is next passed through a magnetic field which agitates the electrons in two directions. The image is thus scanned line by line and the electrons are then brought one by one in front of an aperture (E) in a glass partition. They pour through this aperture and strike a pin-head of metal which thus receives a series of minute electrical impulses. These are immediately amplified 1,000 times, are then sent off to the control room, amplified again, and then transmitted, afterwards being transformed back on a vision receiver

the top is the ultra- from the balcony sound

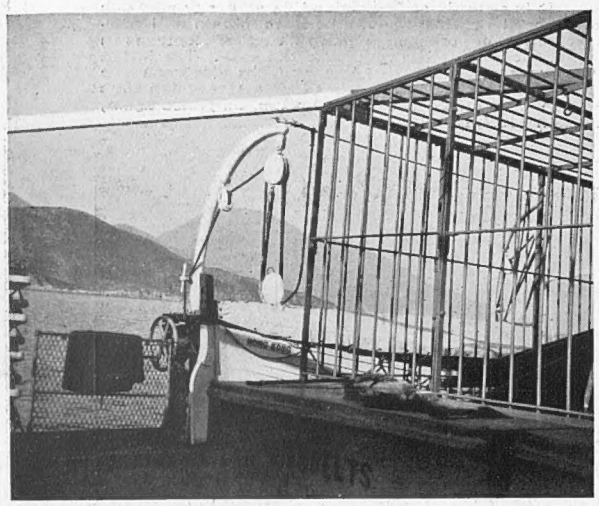


THE NEW APPARATUS IN ACTION: A scene in the Baird studios showing a transmission in progress with the latest camera. This has no motor like the old mirror-drum type, and is noiseless in operation, so that it can now be used without interfering with the broadcast of sound at the same time. *(We are indebted for much of the above information to Captain A. G. D. West, technical director of the Baird Company)*

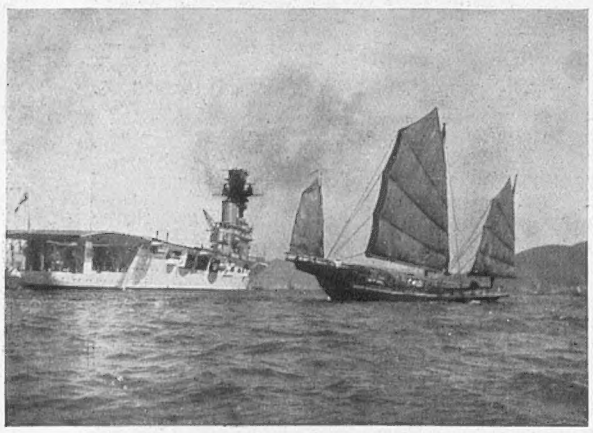
THE ROYAL HONEYMOON: The Duke of Kent (extreme right), signing an autograph book, seen with the Duchess at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, where they spent several hours ashore when on their way out to the West Indies



PREPARED FOR TROUBLE: An antiquated type of muzzle-loader gun placed in the stern of a trading junk to ward off attacks by pirates. Piracy is rampant along the coasts of China, and the recent capture of the S.S. *Tungchow*, which had a party of schoolchildren aboard, was by no means an unusual occurrence



ELABORATE PRECAUTIONS: Iron grilles protecting the centre part of a steamer—a type of defence employed on most Chinese coastal vessels in an effort to prevent pirates, who frequently come on board as ordinary passengers, from gaining control of the bridge



H.M.S. "HERMES" IN HONG KONG HARBOUR: As soon as news was received of the capture of the S.S. *Tungchow*, this aircraft-carrier sent two of its 'planes to the rescue. On sighting them the pirates immediately abandoned their prize, and took with them several hostages

Our National Housing Policy

The Dangers of Autocratic Public Control over Building

By J. BAKER WHITE

Last week Sir Hilton Young moved the second reading of the new Housing Bill in the Commons, and it may be assumed that it will have become law before the Easter Parliamentary recess. Its provisions have been fully explained in THE SPHERE, and it is generally agreed to be a courageous attempt to deal with a pressing problem. It has, of course, been severely criticised in certain quarters. The president of one of the Scottish property owners' associations has described it as "death by torture instead of honest-to-God execution." Leading Scottish Socialists have called it "an insult to the democracy of Britain" and "90 per cent. bluff and a cheque on the Bank of Hope." None of which is particularly constructive. Much more significant are the criticisms of the Bill by the Socialist majority on the London County Council. Significant because they touch upon a vital issue connected with all post-War housing legislation, namely, the degree of control given to the Government and the local authorities over building activities.

As far as can be judged from the L.C.C. objections and the speeches of the Opposition in Parliament, their basic criticism is that the new Bill does not give the State and local authorities complete and absolute control over all building. On the other hand, anyone who believes (*a*) that private property is a desirable thing, (*b*) that the initiative and enterprise of the individual is more effective and desirable than mass action by the State, and (*c*) that private enterprise, on its past laudable record, should be permitted to play its independent part in the rehousing of the people, should be disturbed at the wide powers it gives to public authorities already invested with almost autocratic control over private property.

Since 1919 Housing Act after Housing Act has become law, and each one has given first the Government and after it the councils greater and greater power. For example, there is the Acquisition of Land Act, by which private owners can be compelled to sell their land if the authorities decide in their wisdom that it is required to carry out a housing scheme. How the Act works in practice was recently illustrated at Leeds. The Corporation, which has a Socialist majority, wanted for building working-class dwellings a certain piece of land of some 800 acres, part of it being farms, the remainder consisting of a mansion and park, adjacent to which are a number of high-class private houses.

The owners of the land would not sell, so the Corporation got an Order for compulsory purchase. This was contested by the occupiers of the land, but at a Ministry of Health inquiry the Order was confirmed, although it was shown that the building of working-class dwellings on this site would cause a heavy depreciation in the value of the private houses adjoining it and that the cutting up of the estate would deprive a number of tenant farmers of their living. That is the Acquisition of Land Act in practice. Although there may be much to be said in its favour in that it ensures the smooth working of housing plans it is an autocratic act if ever there was one.

The Housing Act of 1930, which gives local authorities the power to order the compulsory demolition of private property, is also often used in an autocratic manner. Only last week Judge Richardson, a county court judge, is reported as having said that "the cruelties that are done in the name of this Act are monstrous in some cases. No doubt the legislators had not heard of them . . . If they had, and if there were a union of these small landlords, the legislature would soon change the law as it stands at present." To give but one more example: anyone who has built himself a house, altered or added to one or made such a minor improvement as, say, building a garage, knows that all plans have to be submitted to the local authorities, who have the power, often exercised, to veto them.

If Parliament passes the Overcrowding Bill in its present form the grip of autocracy will be still further increased, for it contains clauses whereby powers are given to local authorities compulsorily to acquire properties (i.e., houses as distinct from land) for "reconditioning" at market valuation, and to appoint "Management Commissioners" to ensure continuity of policy in administration of publicly-owned estates. As it is the declared desire of the present London County Council to have complete and dictatorial control over all building within the area of its authority, and as it is easy to imagine the "Commissioners" becoming "Commissars" if certain local authorities had their way, these clauses as they stand in the Bill at present are a very real danger to private building and ownership of property.

The whole trouble is that housing, like road safety, is one of the questions on which almost everyone has "ideas," and, like coal-mining, it is the subject of sentiment. And it is the sentimentally-minded individual who so often gets elected to a local government to-day, who has "ideas" about housing, and is given the chance to try them out at the taxpayers' expense. Experience has also shown that when there is a change in the political colour of a local government body the new rulers are always anxious to show how different they are from their predecessors, how full of plans and schemes they are, how burning is their zeal for "reform."

If housing legislation continues to follow its present trend, the local authorities will soon have the very thing many of them desire, complete control of all building even down to details of design. The L.C.C. will be able to carry out its plan for building a huge block of working-class dwellings in the middle of Ranelagh, and all the "planners" and "experts," all the young men from the universities with their blue prints for new cities, will have the time of their lives. Anyone who wishes to judge what the result would be should visit Moscow, where the Soviet has let the experimental architects of the revolution have a free hand. The result has been described as a cross between Limehouse Causeway and the Wembley Exhibition.

It is regrettable that because of its sentimental pull housing has become a question of party politics. It is too often assumed that about half a century ago someone went about the country deliberately building slums; too often the slum problem is exaggerated. Six years ago there were within 500 yards of my office four streets that were said to be the worst slums in London. They formed the basis of many passionate parliamentary speeches and of many moving articles from the pens of social reformers. Two streets of these houses were pulled down to make way for new offices. The remainder were "converted" internally, and to-day they are expensive and "fashionable" houses, many of them occupied by Members of Parliament—and social reformers. A lot of political propaganda has been based on the oft-repeated assertion that there are 4,000,000 people living under overcrowded and slum conditions. The real figure is about 1,500,000.

TOWARDS AUTOCRACY: A general view of the scene at the County Hall where the Ministry of Health is holding an inquiry into the town planning scheme under which it is intended that a further 80 square miles of London should be brought under the control of the L.C.C. Property owners are strenuously opposing the scheme

With the Overcrowding Bill before Parliament surely it is a fitting moment to consider whether in this democratic State we have not already gone too far towards autocratic public control over building; that we are not too near the day when to the dictate of this or that "expert" every window shall open inwards and every metal fitting be chromium plated (this is already in force under one housing scheme); and that with the proposed "Central Housing Advisory Committee" we are not creating the body that is the goal of the Socialists, a "National Housing Commission" with dictatorial powers? A Socialist housing scheme is in full blast at Leeds, including the employment of direct labour and a furniture hire purchase scheme run by the Corporation. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., the Socialist leader, recently described it as "the most adventurous experiment any local authority ever undertook in this country." An adventure it may be—an experiment it most certainly is—but £12,000,000 of the taxpayers' money are at stake.

THE PRIMITIVE PEOPLE OF THE ARAKAN HILL TRACTS

Pictures from a Remote Part of Burma

A FORMIDABLE FOE: A seventy-year-old chief of the Arakan Hills with his three wives and one of his daughters. He is armed with a gun, a bow and arrows, and a silver-mounted sword. These people are almost completely cut off from civilization, they seldom see a white man, and they have practically no knowledge of the outside world

NATIVE GIRLS, wearing heavy wire hip girdles over their short skirts and adorned with elaborate bead necklaces, carrying gourds of water. These gourds are placed in beautifully worked wicker baskets that have been dyed a rich mahogany colour through being hung in the smoke issuing from the fireplaces in the huts

CHIEFS OF THE LAKHER TRIBE armed with flint-lock guns and powder flasks. The latter are made from the horns of the mithun, a cousin of the bison

AN OBJECT OF WONDER AND DELIGHT: This celluloid doll was taken among the people by the British Deputy Commissioner and caused a tremendous sensation as they had never before seen an image of the human figure

A LEDU GIRL DRESSES WITH CHIC: Her tattooed cheek is thrust out with a betel nut chew, an orchid is stuck in the lobe of one of her ears, and in the other is a silver cylinder

THE GAYAL OR MITHUN: The species of jet-black bison which the hill tribesmen slaughter for eating purposes, but the milk of which they regard as unclean. These animals are frequently used for barter and often form part of a marriage dowry

The above pictures were taken by Mr. W. S. Thom who has served for over twenty years as Deputy-Commissioner of the Arakan Hill Tracts, and who has a remarkable knowledge of the manners and customs of these primitive tribesmen. The people, he says, are backward in the extreme, and the majority of them have been at enmity with one another from time immemorial. Until a few years ago raids on villages were carried out frequently, and captives of all ages and sexes were taken off and held to ransom—being kept in stocks until the sum demanded was paid, or until such time as they were sold into slavery. Raiding parties when bent on exacting vengeance for some fancied wrong spared neither the children nor the aged, and the fighting while it lasted was bloodthirsty in the extreme. To-day conditions are much altered for the better, and a paternal government is making a successful effort to guide the people in the way they should go. Those who have little fear of death, however, are not easy to control.

CARE FOR THE AGED: Mr. John S. McGroarty, of California, who recently introduced the Townsend Old Age Revolving Pension Plan in the House of Representatives. It stipulates that all citizens on reaching the age of sixty should be retired and be given £40 a month, with the proviso that the entire amount should be spent within the confines of the United States within thirty days of its receipt

SHORT CUT TO THE MILLENNIUM!

Dr. Townsend, one of the many Extraordinary Personalities in Present-day American Politics, and his Amazing Plan to give Old-age Pensioners £40 a Month

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

When news broke that President Roosevelt had hurried before Congress—without even waiting to know whether that body intended to give him the 4,000,000,000 dollars he demanded for relief and public works—a stupendous scheme for old-age pensions of £75 a year from the age of sixty-five, an American journalist lunching with me observed: "Well, Franklin's corralled another mastodon," and laughed.

The story of that mastodon begins in an open space at Long Beach, California, last summer. A tall, impressive figure, with an ascetic face under a thatch of grey hair, and earnest eyes behind large horn-rimmed spectacles, takes the stand and announces authoritatively that he has found out how to end poverty and establish prosperity and plenty for evermore in the great United States. In Washington, when the glad news percolated through, they said, fatiguedly: "Oh, some moron is always discovering the secret of perpetual motion." But that was before Dr. Townsend announced that he had forty-seven States organized and 3,000,000 signatures to petitions for his plan, and that either President Roosevelt could "climb on the band wagon or have it run over him." It was some time later, when Congress reassembled in the political capital, that Mr. Mark Sullivan, probably the sagest and most experienced political commentator there, estimated the number of signatures to petitions for the Townsend Plan at 25,000,000.

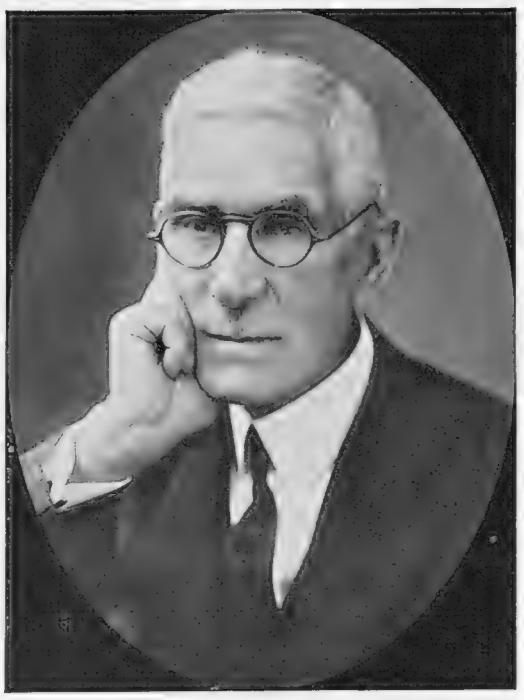
What is this plan which has rolled up such a weight of popular support in America that, until the Roosevelt old-age scheme appeared in the field, it looked as if Congress would be driven to adopt it? It is very simple.

At sixty every man and woman will stop working for gain. The Government will provide him or her with a monthly pension of £40, which must be spent in that month. The doctor calculates that this will remove 8,000,000 people from productive toil, thus relieving the unemployment problem for a start—in fact, the labour surplus will be replaced by a labour shortage, with excellent effects on wage rates.

But this is only the beginning of the cycle. The 8,000,000 of pensioners have £40 coming to them every month and they have to spend it right away. This means £320,000,000 a month, £3,840,000,000 a year added to the national purchasing power. Why, said the doctor to his audiences, use your imaginations! Figure it out! You can see for yourself that every farmer would have to cultivate every inch of soil, every factory would have to run day and night shifts, the whole country would go into a tremendous boom, and it would stay booming, because every month, as regular as clockwork, every citizen over sixty would be drawing his £40 and spending it.

It must be pointed out that Dr. Townsend welcomed questions. He was asked quite a number, and he always had his answer pat. Where was the money coming from? Well, the Government would have to furnish the first month's pensions, but after that a sales tax of 10 per cent. on everything sold would take care of the money end. It was indicated that the total retail sales of the United States were known, and a 10 per cent. sales tax would not carry the pensions beyond the first two months. The doctor explained that retail sales would naturally be doubled and trebled as soon as the scheme started, and the pensioners began to spend their monthly £40. Indeed, consumption would roar ahead, so that before the first year was out they would probably be able to reduce the 10 per cent. sales tax. Besides, if they wanted to work up production and consumption to an even higher pitch, they could easily reduce the pension-eligibility age from sixty to fifty-five or even fifty.

The Townsend Plan went over big. It vied with Upton Sinclair's EPIC Plan for creating the ideal civilization in a couple of years on the ruins of capitalism and the profit system. It swept Los Angeles like a new religion. It dazzled the entire State. The Republican politicians, fighting Upton Sinclair, the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, incorporated old-age revolving pensions as a



DR. F. E. TOWNSEND, whose plan is said to have the support of about 25,000,000 members of the United States electorate

plank in their campaign platform. Although the Sinclairites denounced a sales tax of any kind as a tax on poverty that benefited wealth, they dared not say a word against the old-age pension scheme; and both Republicans and Democrats in that campaign pledged the voters that if elected they would devote themselves to the fight in Congress to get the £40-a-month pension law passed.

The Californian campaign ended; but the Townsend Plan went on. It went on growing through cells, clubs, circles, in every State. Dr. Townsend has re-discovered the America which Barnum was the first to discover and exploit. Everyone who believed what Dr. Townsend believed had a vote; and there were millions of these economic illiterates. Rolled up in an organized mass, anything from 15,000,000 to 25,000,000 economic illiterates can look as menacing to the rulers of a democracy as a mastodon which peeks out from the glade in a wooded park. He may suggest fantasy. Nevertheless, he is there, and you must run, or at least dodge; for Heaven knows what the thing may do. In the Townsend Plan case, he was threatening to stampede the entire Congress into passing a law that the nation should now, at the public expense, proceed to lift itself by its own bootstraps.

President Roosevelt has had to deal with several mass-delusion mastodons since he assumed office; and he has developed quite a neat technique for handling the vast monster with its infinitesimal brain. In the present case he has adroitly flung up the massive stockade of an old-age pension scheme which is tighter woven than appears at first glance.

For instance, the pension is three times the size of the British pension. But every British citizen is eligible for the old-age pension from the age of seventy (sixty-five, if he or she is a worker who has kept up unemployment insurance contributions); whereas the American pension is only for the indigent citizen over sixty-five. The central government finds only half the £75. States can pay any pension they like—but the Federal Treasury won't contribute more than £37 10s. This buffers responsibility, keeps State politics from unloading themselves on to Congress. California, for instance, can go crazy and bankrupt itself if its citizens lack the commonsense to distinguish between sane and insane economics. But it will not be able to get the crazy schemes of its Utopian hot-gospellers financed out of the national treasury.

It is possible that the Townsend Plan mastodon will now begin to go into a decline, and in due course will become extinct. Mr. Walter Lippmann has lately debunked the doctor quite cruelly. Dr. Townsend wrote to the celebrated publicist that he had failed to understand his scheme for raising the 20 billion dollars a year for the pensions. There would not be a terrific tax on the total sales, which last year approximated to 30 billions, but only a 2 per cent. tax on 1,200 billions.

Whence come these 1,200 billions? Dr. Townsend has read somewhere that the United States did that amount of business in 1929. So he thinks it can be taxed. The secret is out. He thinks that the sum total of all transactions represents a total national income; that if you sell a chicken for 3s. to a wholesaler who sells it for 4s. to a cooked-meat shop, which sells it to you, cooked, for 6s., there is a fund of 13s. subject to tax. What a pity it is not true. If it were, a tax of about 2 per cent. on the sum of all transactions in this country would clear off the national debt in one year.

AT THE DESK OF STATE: President Roosevelt photographed while preparing his New Year Message to Congress

A World Survey

HIS MAJESTY'S REPRESENTATIVE: The Earl of Clarendon, Governor-General of South Africa, standing with Lady Clarendon as he took the salute at a march-past of troops after opening a new Parliamentary Session in Cape Town. He has been Governor-General since 1931, and before that was Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions

A NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR: Vice-Admiral Evans (standing, in centre, immediately behind his Flag Lieutenant) seen outside the Union Parliament House, Cape Town, during the opening of the new session. As Commander-in-Chief of the Africa Station he aroused much comment in 1933 when he led an expedition into Bechuanaland and temporarily deposed the native chief, Tshekedi

"SOMETHING ATTEMPTED . . .": Miss Amelia Earhart, the famous American airwoman, resting at Oakland, California, after she had completed a flight of 2,400 miles across the Pacific from Honolulu in 18 hrs. 16 mins.

A BROKEN ROMANCE: The Countess of Cavadonga, the beautiful Cuban who married the former Prince of the Asturias, son of ex-King Alfonso, photographed at Miami, Florida, where she has taken a house for the winter

A TRIUMPH FOR THE MAPLE LEAF: The Winnipeg Monarchs, representing Canada, who won the World Ice Hockey Championship at Davos last week when they beat Switzerland, winners of the European Championship, by four goals to two. The Canadians' speed was amazing

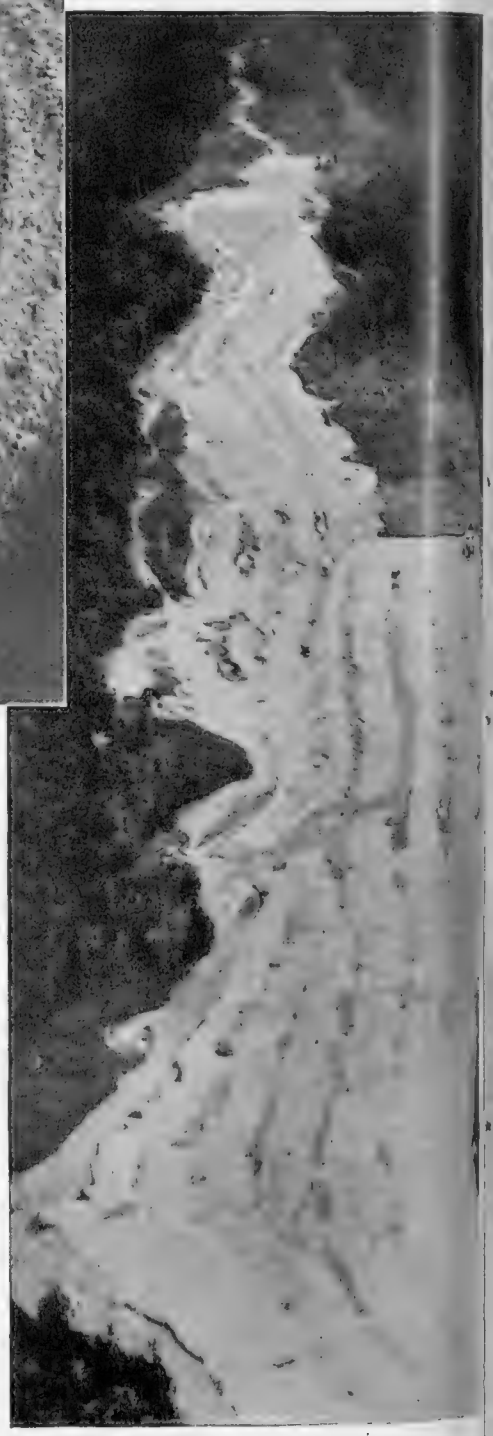
PRE-WAR GAIETY IN A CITY OF POST-WAR TRAGEDY: A scene of glittering splendour in the crowded Vienna Opera House during the great ball held there a few days ago. Gatherings such as this are likely to take place much more frequently in the future as it is becoming apparent that Austria is over the worst of her troubles

IN THE GOLD
NEW GUI

Mining Settlements in a Remote Part
Quantities of Gold are being Recov

A MUSHROOM TOWNSHIP: A general
and offices at Bulolo. In the back
of the tens of thousands of cubic
already dredged from

POTENTIAL WEALTH: Auriferous gravel brought up from the bed of a river at Bulolo—a settlement in the interior of New Guinea where dredging operations are now being carried on on a vast scale and with considerable success



THE GOLDEN TRAIL: A remarkable aerial view
Bulolo and a vast pile of dredged material
area alone there is said to be sufficient
even though about eight thousand cubic
twenty-four

THE BEST WAY: One of the 'planes of Guinea Airways, Ltd., which provide the most effective link between the coast and Bulolo. Even the giant dredging machines had to be dismantled and flown in sections to the interior as any other mode of transport would have taken too long and proved too costly

In Search of Wealth

IN THE SPHERE of February 2 an article appeared by Lancelot Lawton which discussed the present world shortage of gold and the efforts now being made to find new sources of supply.

On these two pages we publish a series of pictures taken by Dr. Adolf Bernatzik which give an excellent idea of the extraordinary activity which is at present taking place in New Guinea where some of the goldfields, though in a region far off the beaten track, are proving extraordinarily profitable to work.

Bulolo, which lies to the west of Salamaua in the interior of the great island, is most easily reached by 'plane from Port Moresby. In fact there is no other really adequate way of getting there, dense jungle and high mountains impeding the traveller's progress.

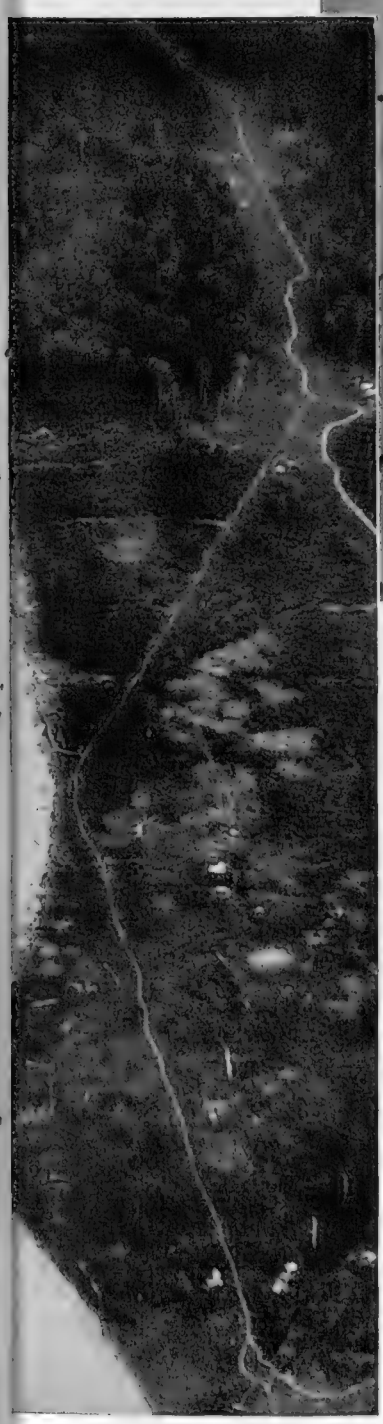
Bulolo is a typical gold-mining township. Numerous little huts dot the valley, and towering above the river are two immense floating dredgers used for bringing the gold-bearing gravel to the surface and each capable of working about 8,000 cubic yards of material in twenty-four hours. These enormous contraptions were transported to the place in sections by aeroplanes and afterwards assembled by the resident engineers.

"HIS LIFELONG FRIENDS STAND SENTRY O'ER HIS GRAVE": The last resting place of a New Guinea "Digger" decorated with rows of whisky bottles—likely indications of the cause of his untimely death

FIELDS OF NEA

of the Island where Large ered from the Rivers

view of the engineers' huts ground can be seen some yards of alluvial material the river



showing a section of the river at lying along one of the banks. In this work to last at least twenty years, yards of gravel are dealt with every hours

MODERN MACHINERY IN THE JUNGLE: At the top is one of the floating dredging machines at work in the river at Bulolo, and below it is the sieve drum used for separating the coarser rock from the fine sand containing the gold

About 140 white workers live in Bulolo and, needless to say, with gold at its present high price, the place is booming.

Just over five hours' flying distance away, and high up in the mountains, is Eddie Creek—another gold-producing centre which has grown up with amazing rapidity and where the search for the precious metal is carried on in primitive but highly profitable fashion.

Here there are 100 or so huts, each housing diggers attracted to the spot from all parts of the earth. Many of these men, in return for their temporary abandonment of civilization, are making fortunes for themselves.

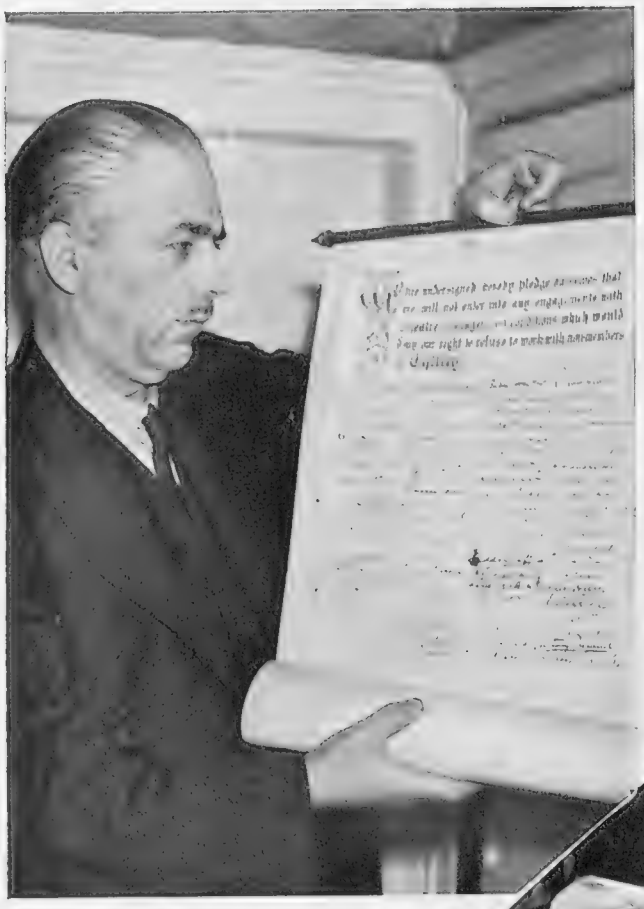
It would, however, not surprise many who are acquainted with New Guinea if this region, only a few years ago a *terra incognita*, were one day to support a large and prosperous community.

EDDIE CREEK: Another New Guinea goldfield where thousands of pounds' worth of the precious metal is being produced each year by miners working their own claims. *Circle on left*—Examining the day's yield

Trade Unionism and the Stage

Some Reflections on the Dispute Between Equity and Drury Lane

By CHARLES GRAVES



UNITY IS STRENGTH: Mr. A. M. Wall, of British Equity, the trade union of the theatrical profession, with the scroll of honour bearing the names of the many distinguished actors and actresses who have pledged themselves not to enter into any engagements with managers on conditions which would deny their right to refuse to work with non-members of Equity

Behind the flare-up between Equity and Drury Lane which has been attracting so much attention during the last few days, one can discern the grey embers of what the theatrical profession consists nowadays. Its glamour has been disappearing fast for years. The increasing tendency of audiences to forget to clap—caused by going to the talkies, has reduced the average run of plays very considerably. Audiences are rather like sheep. They may enjoy a show considerably and then on their way home start to reflect that there was not much applause, and ultimately decide, wise mugs as they are, that it cannot have been a very good show because of the lack of hand-clapping. It is a fact to-day that the average run of a straight show is about six weeks, and that of a musical show is about twelve weeks. As the former involves, let us say, three weeks' rehearsals, and the latter four or five weeks, life is not so attractive on the stage. It is quite true that there have been two or three shows like *Clive of India* which have run a year, but they are distinctly the exception.

British Actors' Equity claims to have nearly 5,000 members, and it is estimated that there are another 3,000 or 4,000 actors and actresses in the country. Out of the 5,000 on the books of Equity, only 1,035 were in work in January, which is the peak period of the year. It is true that this does not include pantomime or non-stop revue, or even music-halls, for these people automatically do not belong to Equity. But in the summer the members employed who belong to Equity decrease to under 400. That is not much of a life, is it?

I was talking to an actor of my own age, last week, who was at school with me. His is a typical case. He started in the chorus of a touring musical show which was always coming to London, but never did. He received £3 10s. a week, the tour including Liverpool and Blackpool as well as Sunderland. Some of the theatrical digs he said are almost unbelievable, though at others you can live very comfortably all-in at 35s. a week, or you can take a combined room—in other words, a bed-sitting room—for 15s. He progressed quite fast, reaching a point where he understudied Noel Coward, but now he is stuck and is giving it all up.

Yes, the stage is a thankless business. If you begin to succeed you have to spend a lot keeping up appearances by lunching at the Ivy, having cocktails at the Café Anglais, and having supper at the Savoy Grill. If you are in a long run by any good fortune, you have to rehearse for and act in Sunday night shows to prevent yourself going stale, and in order to keep your name in front of the public and the managers. The charity matinées involve another frequent call on your services. All that is if you are a success; if you are not, you will have many hungry weeks, interspersed with provincial tours where you sit up all night in a third-class compartment between Bradford and Southsea. In any event you can never get a proper dinner, for in London you must be at the theatre before eight o'clock, while in the provinces the curtain itself rings up at seven-thirty. If you are a girl you may just as well give up all thoughts of the glamorous times that the Gaiety belles used to have in the old days. The stage-door Johnnie is completely defunct, and if a chorus girl in 1935 is sent a bunch of flowers from someone in front it is a nine-days' wonder. The chorus in particular have to work infinitely harder than they ever did before. They have to be athletes at least as much as dancers. On top of everything, when you are really beginning to get a following, you may have your career blighted by a succession of dud plays or a series of unsympathetic rôles to put you right back in the ruck.

THE CHORUS, whose interests Equity is doing so much to defend

THE "CLOSED SHOP" PROBLEM: Mr. Godfrey Tearle presiding at a meeting of Equity held last year to discuss the question of whether members should or should not refuse to work with non-members

No wonder, then, that the actors and actresses are trying to protect themselves from the only predicament which looks as though it really can be avoided—that of being employed by a bogus manager. In the past month there have been three shows in the West End of London where not all the actors and actresses were paid. When Equity was first started, at the beginning of 1930, something like twenty-five or thirty companies were stranded throughout the country. Managers with a glib tongue and little else would take out a cast of actors and actresses, some of them perhaps quite well known in the West End, without any capital at all. They would "chance their arm." As things were, they had nothing to lose and everything to gain if by any luck they got a hit. It was a saying that no actor or actress has ever made good without being stranded at least once.

It was really to fight the bogus manager that British Equity was formed at the Duke of York's Theatre in the early part of 1930. The subscription was fixed at 30s. a year payable in a lump sum, or even at the rate of half-a-crown a month, reduced to 1d. a week if the member was out of work; without any necessity, however, of paying up the arrears when back in a job. So far Equity has failed to do what it set out to achieve, that is, to prevent its members from joining bogus managements. This, one would think, is much more important than catching out bogus managers afterwards; which reminds me that Mr. David Henly, the secretary of Equity, has now got forty-seven cases pending against managements. The officials of Equity say that it is for this reason that they insist on the "closed shop" clause in their contracts. Yet, in point of fact, one can presume that a bogus manager will sign his name to anything. For Equity has not yet reached the point where it can insist on a manager putting up a bond to cover at least the rehearsal money and salaries for a fortnight.

Equity, however, can be very useful in negotiating between managements and artists for a question of temporary cuts in salary to enable some play to continue, and certainly no West End manager wants to harm the actors' society. Managers welcome it because, in addition to bogus managers, there are quite a few bogus actors and actresses—that is to say, people who cause trouble and whom the managers cannot handle without the aid of Equity. Quite recently, for example, an actor who was given the leading part in a West End production, walked out three days before the opening night because his name was not in electric lights. There was no contractual agreement to stop him, so the manager had to engage someone else, which involved new costumes, new printing, and a good deal of nerves and extra rehearsing among the other members of the company. All that Equity was able to do was to reprimand him.

In the United States, where Equity was first started and is very strong, even leading actors and actresses have been suspended for long periods up to as much as a year for misdemeanours in the theatres. English managers, also, would like somebody to whom they could report cases such as that of the actor who recently asked for five seats for his friends, and who instructed his dresser to say that if they were not available Mr. —— would not appear that night. In this instance the manager "wasn't having any" and put in an understudy.

Actually there is no difference of opinion between the managers and Equity, except over the "closed shop" clause. This reads "The artist shall be required to work only with members of the British Actors' Equity Association or with members of such other organisation or organisations of artists as may be approved by the British Actors' Equity Association." The managers refuse to do this. They say that this is putting the

(Continued on p. 218)

CAVALCADE on CANVAS

The Giant Frieze which will Adorn the Walls of Olympia at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Bringing Before Visitors the Story of Human Progress During the Twenty-five Years of the King's Reign

WINDSOR CASTLE: One of the vast panels in the frieze being copied from an original design by Mr. Oswald Cuningham

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, A.R.A.: An outstanding portrait in the group of notable artists of the last twenty-five years

MR. OSWALD CUNINGHAM at work in his studio preparing one of the original designs. By next March he will have done over 1,000 portraits and these will all be enlarged up to cover 40,000 sq. yds. of canvas

FAMOUS FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC: Another panel taking shape for the great Olympian frieze. Altogether fourteen artists are being employed in the work of making 36-ft. high reproductions of the original pictures, and the task is taking three months to complete. At least a ton of paint is being used

THE DOYEN OF PLAYWRIGHTS: Painting in the detail on the life-size portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw. The whole mural scheme will portray the progress of art, science, industry, and indeed every aspect of life in peace and war during the King's reign, ranging from the Coronation to the launching of the *Queen Mary* and other recent notable events

The Birth and Death Exchange

More Babies in Britain in 1934, but a Prospect of Ultimate Decline

By J. MURRAY SMITH

For the first time since 1920 the birth-rate figures show a definite increase over those for the previous year. The figures for 1934 show an increase of ·4 per 1,000 over 1933.

THAT was the news paragraph to which some papers attached quite considerable importance. "More Babies" one newsbill announced proudly.

In point of fact the increase is quite trifling when one considers the rate at which births have declined in numbers during the past sixty years. In 1870 thirty-five children were born to every 1,000 of the population of England and Wales, which was within one per 1,000 of the previous peak year, 1750.

During that period the rate was fairly consistently high, very high indeed compared with our present rate. About a hundred years ago five children were born to every two to-day!

This is truly remarkable, and those people who, rightly or wrongly, deplore the falling birth rate may blame the dissemination of birth-control propaganda. The decline dates from 1875, the year of the famous Bradlaugh-Besant trial, which gave widespread publicity to the practice of contraception; and in the following few years many hundreds of thousands of tracts and pamphlets devoted to every aspect of the subject were sold.

When, as in 1920, there had been a pause in the decline it was followed in the next few years by an even more serious slump. During the past ten years there has actually been a fall of four per 1,000 from 18.8 to 14.8. As recently as 1920 the rate was over *twenty-five* per 1,000.

Here, then, is every indication that the population of the country will soon begin to diminish. Actually it is even now increasing slightly, but this is entirely due to a fall in the death rate.

In the eighteenth century, of course, the country was not infrequently ravaged by epidemics of enteric fever, cholera, typhus, and small-pox, which carried off large numbers with what must have been terrifying rapidity. In the intervening 200 years or so we have increased our knowledge of hygiene and diet sufficiently to keep the majority of people alive a good deal longer than formerly.

Small-pox, in particular, was to be feared, since it took such a toll of young children. To-day it is among the rarest of diseases. Enteric fever is by no means unknown now, but its incidence is slight. Scarlet fever is now the most common of the infectious diseases, for more than 2,000 cases are reported, on an average, each week.

Apart, however, from our capacity for keeping people alive the birth rate has persisted in falling. Indeed it is now below the replacement level, and one may safely assume—unless the Government launches a Have-More-Babies campaign upon the lines and on a scale adopted by Mussolini—that the population will begin to diminish from about 1940.

Meanwhile, a study of the Registrar-General's statistics for England and Wales reveals many of the changes which are contributing in large measure to the future of the English people.

The vast majority of town dwellers are forced to limit their families, while those who live in country districts tend to have larger families. This is evidenced by the fact that in the year under review the natural increase per thousand of the population of Greater London was as low as ·7. Compare this with the natural increase of the rural districts of Yorkshire (3·9). The figure for the whole of England and Wales is 2·1.

The facts behind these figures are clear enough. In thousands of cases there is insufficient accommodation already for families in urban districts; so that the limitation of the number of children becomes a matter of economic necessity.

On the other hand, the country dwellers do not find living, from a financial view-point, any less hard, but they are accustomed to larger families, and their housing problems are not so acute.

In London, of course, the major contribution to the next generation comes from working-class districts, not merely in numbers but in proportion to the population.

According to the latest published figures, Bermondsey, with a little over 107,000 people, had 1,500 children, or fourteen per 1,000. This provides an interesting contrast with Hampstead with 90,000 inhabitants but only 864 babies in the same year, a rate of 9·6 per 1,000. Other contrasts are between Battersea (14·7) and Chelsea (10·6), or even Finsbury (15·2) and Westminster (8·8).

The reasons for this disparity are to be found partly in ignorance and partly in the cost of contraceptives. There are thousands of working-class women who dread the prospect of bearing another child. Worn out already with the burden of providing for three, four, or even five and six children upon a meagre income, these women not unnaturally regard pregnancy as a calamity.

Among the middle and upper classes a knowledge of birth control is fairly general; and it is applied with the definite object of limiting the family to the desired proportions.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that in London the Inner and Middle Temples are an administrative area. Their population in 1933 was 370. They had one "happy event" and one funeral.

A healthy place for babies, apparently, is Seaton, in Devon, with its 2,373 inhabitants. During the year they had seventeen babies—one little unfortunate, illegitimate—but not a death among them. This shows up well against the dismal figures for deaths in the first year generally, which are as high as 64 per 1,000.

Illegitimate children—probably through lack of care and attention after birth—survive the first year far less frequently than children born in wedlock.

A healthy increase in population is reported from Bolsover, in Derbyshire. (10,000 inhabitants.) No fewer than 243 children were born, of whom 232 survived their first year. This was equal to nearly twice the number of deaths, so that the increase per 1,000 was over *ten*.

Quite the most dismal statistics are those relating to *causes* of death.

Notorious trials spring to mind at the entry: "Executions, 9." Deaths from violence in a single year amounted to nearly 23,000, of which over 5,600 were suicides. One morbid fact which emerges is that poisonous gas is the most common means of quitting this earth; another, that men take their lives in greater numbers than women.

Cancer and other tumours still account for most deaths, and the figures are appalling. They are: Male, 29,925; female, 34,446.

Death is most common soon after the age of seventy. Each year about 60,000 people die between the ages of seventy and seventy-four. But the numbers who survive for many years more are growing.

There are nearly 900,000 people—mostly women—over the age of seventy-five in England and Wales. And of these just 100,100 have passed the ripe old age of eighty-five.

AS LIKE AS TWO PEAS IN A POD: Twins whom even their relations find difficulty in distinguishing

VANISHED POMPS OF YESTERDAY

Scenes in Jehol, the Former Summer Seat of the Chinese Emperors, which has Recently come into the News Again as a Result of a Border Dispute between Japan and China

IMPERIAL RESIDENCES: A distant view of the palace of the Dowager Empress of China which is now the headquarters of the Jehol garrison of Japanese and Manchukuan troops. *Right*—The former summer palace of the Emperors seen from a neighbouring slope. It was called Pi-Shu-Shan-Chuang (mountain lodge for avoiding heat) and was built in 1703 on the plan of the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen, near Peking. In 1860 Heinfung retired there when the allied armies of England and France occupied his capital

SURVIVAL OF THE DAYS OF SPLENDOUR: A shaded walk, now sadly neglected, in the spacious grounds of the summer palace at Jehol. It was to this palace that Lord Macartney, the first British Ambassador to China, came in 1793 on his celebrated mission to the Emperor K'ienlung, and it is related how his Lordship, who was regarded at first as no more important than a representative of one of the Mongol vassal princes, was expected to perform the ceremony of three kneelings and nine kowtows before the Dragon Throne. Lord Macartney refused and in the end the Emperor relented and permitted the ambassador to make the same obeisance as he would in the presence of George III

JEHOL: "CHINA'S F

A MONGOLIAN WOMAN OF TO-DAY: A picture taken in Jehol, during Dr. Sven Hedin's expedition, showing one of the many different Asiatic types inhabiting the city. Jehol has been called "The Fontainebleau of China" and the illustrations in this special four-page section of "The Sphere" give an excellent idea of the glorious temples and pavilions of this former summer seat of the Emperors

BETWEEN THE RIVER
Fortune and Hono
flight over Jehol.
sad to relate the w
danger of collapse
should contain sta
Buddha, which

A MULE LITTER

This is the type of conveyance used by the well-to-do in the province of Jehol, and during the recent fighting many of these were doubtless employed in hurrying over the passes and away from the war zone

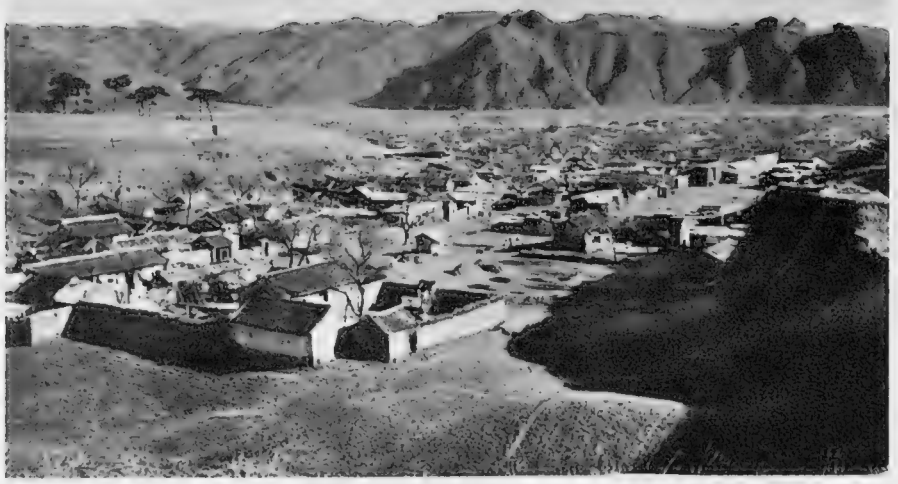
A caravan on its way
centuries the depôt o
between C

FONTAINEBLEAU"

RIVER AND THE HILLS: Hsu-mi-Fu-Shou-Miao (The Temple of the Mountainous Good Honourable Old Age) from a photograph taken during Dame Rachel Crowdy's recent hol. It has been described as one of the most beautiful monuments of old China, but the woodwork of its elaborately decorated galleries is frail, and much of it is in imminent llapse. Thieves, as well as decay, have been at work, and many of the niches, which n statues, are now empty. *Right*—A pavilion in the grounds of the temple of the Great hich was built by K'ienlung in 1755 to commemorate the subjugation of the Dzungars

way from Jehol to Kalgan, for pôt of the great overland trade en China and Russia

NORTHWARD BOUND



JEHOL TO-DAY: A general view of the city taken by the author of the accompanying article. On the left can be seen a section of the substantial brick wall, six miles in circuit, enclosing the grounds of the old Imperial Palace

The Cradle of Conflict

An Account of a Visit to Jehol

By DAME RACHEL CROWDY

Jehol, which came before the public eye in the spring of 1933, when the Japanese, with an unexpectedly small amount of opposition, marched in and triumphantly added it to the map of the new and independent State of Manchukuo, has once again been thrown upon the screen. It is announced that the Japanese garrison of Jehol city is contemplating new action against the Chinese troops under the command of General Sung-Chek Puan, who, it is said, "has been warned repeatedly to withdraw from the west and south-west of Jehol and who has failed to do so." The problem of the western border of Jehol, north of the Great Wall, is not yet solved.

Jehol, for the information of those who do not carry in their heads a map of the Far East, happens to occupy an extremely interesting strategic position. It is the most south-western province of the new empire. In other words, the farthest from Russia and the nearest to China, whilst its western frontier borders Inner Mongolia. I leave it to the diplomats, and perhaps even more to the non-diplomatic, to underline its importance.

I happened to be one of the delegates to the Conference on Pacific Relations held in Shanghai in 1931—just about the time of the so-called incident in Manchuria. After the conference I paid what is hardly worthy even of the title of a flying visit to Manchuria, and then later went over to Geneva to follow the main debates in connection with the dispute between the Japanese and the Chinese. The fate of all who turn their eyes to the East overtook me, and the late autumn and early winter of this year which has just passed, found me back in the country which Owen Lattimore has christened the Cradle of Conflict, just as that cradle was again beginning to rock. I spent two—all too short—months there, and during that time found my way to Jehol, to-day the centre of interest in the Far East.

This is not quite so easy as it sounds. The nearest railway station is about eighty miles away and the rest of the journey for the ordinary traveller has to be completed in an open motor truck, generally filled to overflowing with Chinese villagers, their bulging parcels, and their livestock! Or the enterprising can take an ox-cart in Pekin and make a stately five days' journey by road, if she is afraid of neither cold, bandits, nor discomfort. There is one other way, to fly, but here too there is a snag, for although the air service from Chinchow to Jehol City is a civil one the military authorities have the first call and complete control as to who shall or shall not fly. There seemed at first some doubt as to whether I should be able to get a seat on the 'plane, but the fact that I had just come from the International Red Cross Conference at Tokio, combined with a tactful request from the kind and influential British Consul-General at Mukden, made my opportunity. Whether I should ever get back again was quite another question, but that always seems to me to be relatively unimportant. It is the start and not the return that matters in life!

The night train from Mukden to Chinchow arrives in the black hours before dawn. I was decanted into the middle of a seething mass of cut-throat-looking men in fur caps whose aim seemed to be to separate me and my minute suitcase. I wished that I knew one word of the language, that I could pronounce the name of the Japanese Inn to which I had been advised to go until my 'plane left. I wished I knew where to find a certain Major X who had my ticket for the 'plane. The Japanese are a kind and a courteous people to strangers and, true to type, a very small one detached himself from the crowd. He knew very little more of my language than I did of his, but, when he said "come" I came without hesitation. He was a very small rock but the land was a weary one, so we climbed into a vehicle which resembled a foot-bath found on a dustbin, and drove to our inn.

I had hoped for a little privacy but we were given one room together, in which we sat bowing sleepily to each other from our pillows, and sharing rice and pickles till the dawn broke, when in some

THE CENTRE OF DISTURBANCE: A sketch map showing the position of Kalgan, on the western borders of Jehol, near which a clash recently took place between combined Japanese and Manchukuan troops and a Chinese force under General Wang, Governor of Chahar. The Japanese allege that the Chinese were encroaching on Manchukuan territory, but fighting has now stopped and the dispute has been submitted to arbitration

mysterious way my friend (evidently a conjuror manqué) produced Major X, a very welcome rabbit, from his hat.

In my time I have done some travelling, but this was the strangest and most exciting journey of my life. James Hilton must, I think, have done it before he wrote his *Lost Horizon*. At first we flew low at only about 800 ft. over toy villages in their grey mud boxes of palisades, over mounds like the salt dumps of China, while the Japanese officers who were my travelling companions craned their necks to look at the lie of the line, and made little childlike drawings on the back of rice-paper envelopes. Then suddenly the 'plane started climbing till we were flying at several thousand feet over an endless range of mountains, like herds of mammoth elephants lying on their sides in their great wrinkled grey skins. Endless herds. Then, suddenly, without warning we came upon a plateau, brown tilled fields and moving blue figures, and dropped quickly, landing among bowing and saluting Japanese at the Jehol Aerodrome. From there I was rescued by Mr. Steel of the Plymouth Brethren.

The only Europeans I met during my stay there were the Brethren Missionaries and an old Catholic Priest, Père Conard, who, forty years ago, dedicated his life to missionary work in the far East and has remained there ever since. He is almost Chinese himself to look at now, dresses as they do, is part of the China whose history he now writes, having lived it through the Chinese-Japanese War of the last century, the Boxer Rebellion, the Revolutions, the rules of both the Old Marshal and the Young Marshal in Manchuria, and the Japanese démarche in Jehol. He sees to-day China learning from Japan as she could never have learnt from Europe or America, the order and method which may teach her how some day to expel all foreigners, including the Japanese!

I spent my days in Jehol in seeing some of the new roads that the Japanese are making to the West and to the North-West, talking about the drug traffic to the Manchukuo Customs Official, who had been for many years in the Chinese Customs, hearing the missionaries speak of their journeyings by mule-pannier into the interior. Much is made of the kidnapping of a film producer, or of the charming young wife of some European official, but how much do we know of the daily danger run by the missionaries who, men and women alike, go off into bandit country knowing all the risks that they run? I take off my hat to them and to the hospitality which they extend to strangers. Banditry, I was told both by officials and missionaries, is well on the way to being suppressed in Jehol Province, but, even so, I noticed that our chauffeur accelerated feverishly if ever we passed a group of men by the roadside; and on one single occasion we were, I think, nearer to trouble than my hosts owned. I was being taken through a pass along a road which had just been finished, and owing to a burst tyre and no jack, it was dark by the time we took to the road home. Suddenly ahead of us we saw burning houses and ragged fur-capped figures standing round them. The small Japanese wife who was with us threw the sleeves of her kimono over her eyes, the chauffeur turned his wheel and we dropped from the road on to the sandy slope on our left and, circuiting, joined our road again five miles later, having forded two streams and suffered a good deal of rough riding before we got there. I asked no questions, but that bit of the journey was very silent!

(Continued on p. 218)

ON THE DESOLATE PLAINS: Yurts (huts) used as temples by a nomadic chief of Mongolia. A picture taken near the Manchukuan border

DOWN on the FARM

Early Lambs Face the Frost—
The Art of the Hedgemaker

A CRAFTSMAN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE: A hedgemaker at work on a Cumberland farm. He has carefully built up the dyke-bank, and is engaged in laying the thorns above this into a thick fence which, on sprouting into life, will make a living rampart that the stock cannot burst their way through. This is an art which takes time to learn, and in many counties hedging competitions are held in order to encourage the younger farm labourers

IN A KENTISH COPSE

This lone labourer is engaged in cutting and sharpening wooden spiles for use in the making of fences

LAMBING-TIME IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND: *Left*—An early arrival on an East Lothian farm, which was unlucky enough to be born after the mild spell had given place, at the end of January, to real winter weather. *Right*—A day-old lamb, destined to be brought up on the bottle, enjoying its first feed. A picture taken at Upton Grey, near Basingstoke, Hampshire

A NOTORIOUS BEAUTY: Mata Hari as she was in 1914. A picture given to the author of the accompanying article

MATA HARI

An impression of the Famous Woman Spy by one who knew her—Her Life in Amsterdam during the War

The story of her life was told me by Mata Hari when she was staying at the Hotel Victoria in Amsterdam, between October, 1914, and March, 1915. I am positively convinced that at that time she was no spy, and it was a profound shock to me when I heard that she had been shot for espionage.

Mata Hari told me, during one of our conversations, that she was married to a British officer in Java but, being unable to get on with him, left him and went to Paris.

Someone, who recognised her ability as a dancer, induced her to dress up in Malayan costume and perform at a house party. She then appeared on the stage with immense success, and became one of the most popular women in the French capital. In fact "the toast of the town." Politicians and other well-known personalities attended her parties, she owned a beautiful villa, and was on the way to accumulating a considerable fortune. Then the war intervened and she moved to Holland.

One evening while walking along one of the main streets in Amsterdam I was handed a leaflet advertising a forthcoming stage appearance by Mata Hari, and seeing her sitting in the lounge on my return to the hotel I showed it to her. She did not think the picture of her on it was a good likeness, and presented me with a portrait of herself taken in Paris the year before. This is reproduced at the top of this page and does her far more justice than many portraits I have seen.

Even now, looking at her beautiful face, it is difficult to credit that Mata Hari was a spy, although she was an excellent linguist; and I did sometimes see her dining in the hotel with a Dutch officer of high rank and also with a banker.

There is one episode which I shall never forget. It was on Christmas Eve, 1914, and Mata Hari and I were sitting reading in the hotel when the proprietor came and invited us to join his family party. My recollection of her on that happy evening is still, in spite of the passing years, extraordinarily vivid and it is sad to think that this vivacious and beautiful woman, whose character appeared to me to be so different from what it has been made out to be, came to such a tragic end.

After she left Amsterdam Mata Hari went to the Hague, where she had taken a house. What happened later is a mystery, and although her life seemed to me to be a simple one, it was possible she got into financial difficulties which induced her to accept tempting offers for carrying out espionage work.

There is no doubt that the combination of beauty and brains in a woman is one of high potentiality, and both these qualities Mata Hari possessed in abundance. In her case the combination led to her downfall, while others it has taken to the heights of success.

It is said that a woman always remains a mystery to herself, and therefore who can solve that mystery if she cannot herself? A mass of nonsense has been written about Mata Hari, and the percentage of truth in the thousands of newspaper articles presuming to tell her life story must be extraordinarily small.

Here is a woman who will always remain a puzzle, whom the world has condemned, and whom, for my part, I will never be able to efface from my memory.

H. H.

MAKING A TALKIE

A Detailed Account of the highly intricate Work of Production from the Birth of the Idea until the Picture is ready for Distribution

By W. HOLT WHITE

The white diaphanous rays of arc lamps stream upwards beyond the dim summit of the vast building. It is as though that towering palace were swimming in blinding moonlight.

In the roadway cars like illumined drawing-rooms slide to the door. From the cars descend clean-cut looking men of obvious distinction, and women the glories of whose gowns are hid by still more glorious wraps.

Watchful policemen edge the crowd back. In the background, like statues on their quiet horses, are dotted men of the "Mounted Branch."

In the marble and tapestry-hung vestibule are babble and chatter. Everyone knows everyone else. It is plain, too, that here is a common meeting ground of Society, the intelligentsia, and the more prosperous members of Bohemia. There goes the lovely Duchess of Loamshire. There is what-d'you-call-'m, the brilliant but rather naughty young dramatist, who is only just out of his 'teens. There—ah! A hushed whisper; a courteous drawing aside. "The Prince!" A great occasion. An occasion far more brilliant than was any first night at a Royal theatre in the days of great actor-managers in a bygone age.

Yes, this is a first night; and, if is a particularly exclusive and fashionable affair, it is a midnight matinée. All this brilliance of scene and personality has been staged to launch a "super-talkie." That is how British "super-talkies" are put over to-day.

And why not?

British films, after a terrific struggle, have at last come into their own. Princes honour them; Cabinet Ministers attend them; and public orators frequently rather extravagantly proclaim them as "the greatest influence on the lives of the people," and so on and so on.

It is all perhaps a little overdone: but the fact remains that British talkies have become big business—big business which involves millions upon millions of pounds.

But how is a talkie made?

There are few greater thrills than at the moment when, the scenario and dialogue being finished, every scene—long shot and close-up—worked out, the stars and the rest of the actors and actresses practised for their parts, the set ready and the smallest property at hand, the first scene of a talkie is ready for the "take." The whistle goes for silence. The great sound-proof doors of canvas stuffed with ground glass are sw ung to, and the director on the perch he has selected picks up his megaphone and looks round before he sets into motion all the vast machinery about him.

Everything on the set in the gigantic studio is as still as death. The assistant engineers stand by their rows of arc lamps like statues. The assistant directors set an example in immobility. The continuity girl sits close to the director with her pen poised ready to make her running record of the progress of the film. There is no movement or sound anywhere, and it is a grim moment for the director. The company are spending £100,000 on this talkie, and it must be completed within a certain time to bring it within its contract cost. Everything, as far as is possible, has been prepared in detail in advance; but upon the director's shoulders lies the responsibility of failure or success.

Now here, at the very outset, we stumble over the word "director," for a director in the minds of most of us suggests the director of a company. Most of us still fondly cherish the idea that the man responsible for the production of a talkie is the producer; but in film land the producer is virtually the managing director, inasmuch as he is the producer of all the talkies, whereas the director is merely the man who produces an individual film.

The best method of understanding the production of a film—from the birth of the idea until the time the picture is completed for distribution—is to study the chart, which gives some idea of the whole intricate process.

THE BOARD

PRODUCTION MANAGER

SCENARIO EDITOR	FILM EDITOR	CASTING DIRECTOR	FILM DIRECTOR	
Readers			Asst. Director	Electricians
Scenario writers	Cutters	Publicity	Art Director	Property Man
Dialogue writers			Camera Man	Wardrobe
Special advisers			Studio Manager	Make-up
			Sound Engineers	

A stage play may be virtually a one-man show, as in the case of Noel Coward, who often writes the play, composes the music, produces, and acts in it. Such a system is totally impossible in the making of a film. To be a success a talkie must be the product of many brains and many hands.

There must, of course, be a central idea. To-day the struggle is to find a film of international appeal. So we have the readers who work much as publishers' readers do, only instead of being on the trail of possible books they are on the trail of possible films. And a very high order of intelligence is demanded from the film readers. They cannot afford to miss anything which might be worth a fortune, while, of course, they must read in accordance with the policy of their particular firm. So many of the readers are novelists, playwrights, and journalists. There is one film firm which boasts that no book goes unexplored, no play unseen by its agents. Even the magazines and newspapers are ransacked for ideas. This highly-paid corps of individuals only finds an idea worth putting up to the right quarter once in a while, and the search is all the more difficult because the story must be suited to the stars who are under contract. And all the while they must keep a weather-eye lifted for comedy. This is most important, because an endless flow of comedy films is vital.

We are so used to the "booming" of big films that sight is lost of the fact that at least 50 per cent. of cinema programmes still consist of comedies.

However, we are here concerned with the Big Idea, so we will stick to that. We will suppose that it has been found and provisionally approved. What will the production cost?

Here the accountant, in consultation with the various departments, comes in; and in his final estimate there are sometimes a hundred items which include everything from negative stock and "effects" to royalties on the recording instruments—the last being a very considerable item.

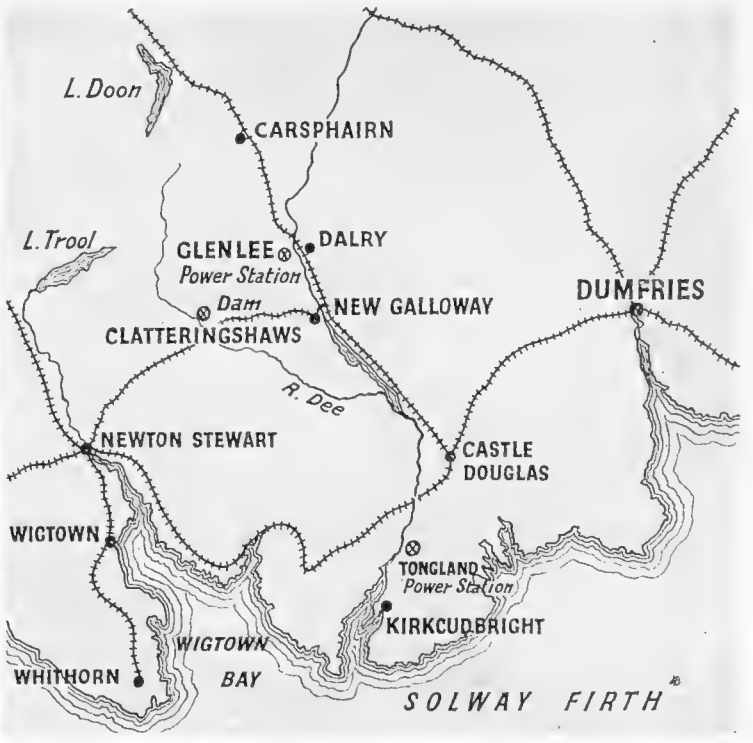
(Continued on p. 220)

POWER FOR SOUTH-WESTERN SCOTLAND

HARNESSING THE DEE: The dam across the river at Clatteringshaws, which will control the supply of water to the power stations being built to provide the whole of the Galloway district of south-western Scotland with electricity. The undertaking will probably be completed by next year

THE PARTLY COMPLETED POWER STATION AT GLENLEE: In the background can be seen the pipe line which will be used for conveying the water over the hills from the dam at Clatteringshaws some miles to the south-west

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREAT DAM which has turned a thousand acres of moorland into a vast lake. This is only one of many examples of the way in which the rivers of Scotland are now being harnessed



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch map of the Galloway district showing the area to be supplied with power and the relative positions of the dam and of the power stations at Tongland and Glenlee

ZENA DARE, who gave an excellent performance in *Murder in Mayfair*, the Ivor Novello play which has just come to an end after a long run at the Globe

PLAYS AND FILMS OF THE WEEK

"Between Us Two," Pleasing but not Thought-Provoking Entertainment at the Criterion : "Love on the Dole," a Brilliantly-Acted Play which Deserves a Long Run

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

THERE seems a slight desire to date plays of 1935, if they concern youthful romance by insisting that the lovers, to proclaim their period, must do without the benefit of clergy to commence the married life they are anxious to enjoy.

Anticipation of the hallowed, golden-circled welding of two lives has not, I feel, been so peculiar to this generation, but the arguments in its favour seem to be receiving more attention than seriously-minded Grundyism in the Censor's office formerly considered advisable—unless disaster, well-and-truly, ensued.

In *Hi-Diddle Diddle*, that racing, bright show of unconnected sketch and dancing which has found a new home at the Savoy Theatre, Greta Nissen declaims with sweet vehemence as to the loosening of inhibitions and the tie of wedlock.

Unashamed and unawed, she and her young man, John Buckmaster, must show the world that conventional methods of joint housekeeping are out of date!

But the young man's inhibitions, presumably, have become less important in the pangs of hunger, for kitchen criticism remains as old-fashioned as ever for all the drawing-room discussions. He can only deplore the departure of cook after cook which leaves young, undomesticated bravery to freedom but acute hunger, and, in the most backsliding manner, welcomes the pursuing father's matrimonial projects in view of the possibility of regular meals!

In *Between Us Two* at the Criterion, the play opens with a slightly different situation, but similar arguments. Loretta, played most charmingly and convincingly by Leonora Corbett, is living in the "Bahamas" with the young man of her choice, (Jack Melford) Ronnie Long. The two are happy-go-lucky and penniless, though determined to achieve prosperity in a future which Ronnie is more determined than Loretta shall be domesticated and legitimately fruitful.

Loretta, who had dreams of an English country home, in time achieves it, having against her will become Mrs. Long, by bell, book, candle, or registry office. She has also become a bereaved mother with an empty nursery, which the ache in her heart prevents her from re-furnishing as a guest's bedroom. Also, she has become famous as an air-woman and has prospects of what appears a very considerable income. It is then that Mr. Long decides that the nursery has been empty too long.

As a further incentive to his continual arguments on that subject, intended to wear down Loretta's slight preference in favour of keeping the financial fires of the home burning, there is Blonde Cousin Ann. Cousin Ann, Miss Oriel Ross, does not seem very siren-like, but she has on her side Ronnie's mother, who disapproves of both Loretta and her taste in house-decoration. This part was sadly wasted upon Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, who was unable to convey any other impression but that of a kindly woman, despite the cattishness of the lines she is required to speak.

steamship's abandoned suite of the King of Siam, to gain the companionship of Ann's little boy.

Loretta's problem of how to checkmate both scheming mother-in-law and catty cousin is solved by her aeroplane, parked on the back lawn, although Ann's little boy (charming child) has put his foot through one of the wings. The climax of the last curtain is amusingly declaimed by Eva Hudson, the coloured maid, who has weathered the storms of both pre- and post-marriage housekeeping.

One is left naturally with the happy thought that there will be heaps and heaps of little Longs to fulfil Ronnie's desire to teach football and cricket, "before it is too late"; but since his income was derived from writing the previously unsaleable newspaper articles upon places he has not visited, it seems uneconomic to insist that Loretta should give up not only her usual lucrative sky-speeding, but the £10,000 which might have provided so many cricket bats, had she been allowed only another six months of her career.

Loretta's competence, however, I am sure, settled the somewhat exhausting argument by a double event and that instead of the *Nassau Rose* she re-named her 'plane *The Stork*.

It is, however, in many ways a play which has considerable charm. If Jack Melford endows, unfortunately, Ronnie Long with a suggestion of pompous priggishness at moments, Miss Leonora Corbett instantly redeems it with her freshness and the sympathy she wins throughout.

Between Us Two can serve to please throughout an evening, and provide reasonable entertainment for those who do not ask the theatre to provide them with matter for thought.

"YOUTH AT THE HELM": This is the title of the new play in which Kay Hammond will shortly appear in the West End with Owen Nares. She is seen here with her infant son, Robert

Grim Realism at the Garrick.—The above comment, however, cannot be applied to *Love on the Dole* which was presented in Manchester for approval and created immediate interest. Opening at the Garrick this somewhat long play held its first-night audience—which was unexpectedly social and frivolous for so serious a subject—completely spellbound, and, late as the curtain fell, anxious to continue its violent applause.

A play of such grim realism, strength, and perfection has seldom been seen in London, nor a cast so brilliantly interpretive of its message, welded into unselfish co-operation.

I hope, with almost desperate fear, that *Love on the Dole* will enjoy a run which will make it a British Institution and that as long as there are those in our midst enduring the lives we see so realistically portrayed, that play shall cry aloud for their betterment. But there is this difficulty. It may be too good to win popular favour, it

"ENTER MADAME": Elissa Landi and Cary Grant, stars of the new Paramount musical show, released at the Plaza last week

As well, for the husband-snatcher, is Ann's unseen little boy, which causes Ronnie to wave, frequently, his sentimentally-preserved cricket bat, as he thinks of happy parenthood and the training of youthful prowess.

Judging by the amount of damage and trouble caused by this unseen child, its advocacy seemed unconvincing, but Ronnie apparently succumbs to Ann's and his mother's lure of a trip to the West Indies in the

NON-STOP! Celia Johnson, Robert Harris, Margaret Moffat, Mackenzie Ward, and John Boxer in *The Wind and the Rain*, the highly successful comedy which is now in its second year at the St. Martin's Theatre

ANOTHER HISTORICAL PICTURE: The Duke (Tom Walls) inspecting his troops in the square at Ypres. A scene from *Me and Marlborough*, the film Victor Saville is now engaged in making at the Gaumont-British Studios. The settings are extremely elaborate, and in this episode alone over 400 people take part

THE DUKE'S EMISSARY: Corporal Kit Ross (Cicely Courtneidge), dirty and bedraggled after a long ride, arrives at the French Court and demands to be admitted to the presence of King Louis. One of the closing scenes in *Me and Marlborough*

may be too pointed an opener to eyes which prefer to remain closed!

Love on the Dole is the story of a respectable working-class family living behind one of the million doors of the million Victorian rows of artisan housing. The familiar door, opening directly to the street, which has the patiently polished brass number to identify it and the doorstep which, whatever the weather, is scrubbed snowy-white, in that proud pathos of good wifehood! Cathleen Nesbitt plays the part of the wife and mother, worn with toil, poverty, and the anxiety of bringing up the son and daughter for whose future she fears. She is the buffer between them and their father (Julien Mitchell), whose self-respect is being slowly ground down by his failure, through unemployment, to justify himself as the breadwinner, and whose generosity is irritably warped by the necessity of saving against worse poverty.

Both Sally, the daughter, and Harry, the son, have the natural youthful urge for romance and hope which is pitifully expressed by their aching desire for grown-up clothing, and Harry, winning from the local bookmaker the vast sum of £22, obtains their first chance to prove themselves adult.

Sally, triumphant in her new "shorts" goes crag climbing on the moors with Larry Meath (Ballard Berkeley) for whom she is willing to serve the life sentence of toil shown her by her mother. It is *the* happy day of her life and it ends with Larry breaking the news to her of his loss of employment and the inevitable postponement of the marriage.

Sally, the courageous, steels herself to the waiting, and cheerfully continues to work at the factory, thankful that there is one member of the household still retaining a job. Harry, however, has not her self-control, nor has his sweetheart. Parenthood is imminent to those but children themselves; and Larry, Sally's one happiness, dies of injuries sustained in his attempt to calm the "worked up" agitation of the unemployeds' desperate demonstration.

Only one trained in such a hard school could survive the despair his death brings to Sally. Still courageous, she continues, for with the continual cutting of relief, her earnings are the sole support of the family. And then her iron strength breaks.

Sam Grundy, played by Arthur Chesney, a married man "wi' the brass," the bookmaker from whom Harry had won the sum which had seemed a fortune, had always desired Sally. He had refused to accept her rebuffs, he had waited with patience the moment when, with nothing upon which to feed her soul, she must decide that her body, at least, and those of her family, must be fed.

So Sally, in her new clothes and carrying her shiny suitcase, leaves her father whose world is shattered by his daughter's lapse from respectability, and her mother whose heart is broken by her loss. She goes, brazenly, defiantly; bitterly proud that she has something to sell, since the conditions of her life had forbidden the gallant gift of it, and sweetly and tenderly thankful that the price of what life had rendered worthless to her, would, at least, mitigate some of the hardships of those she left behind.

And her father in a few words of terrible indictment wonders in bewilderment, gazing at the pieces of silver on the table before him which he cannot bear to touch, why such suffering should be meted out as if in punishment. He had always tried to do his best.

The foregoing is a brief resumé of the story of *Love on the Dole*. There is much more of it. For three hours one sees behind that plain front door into the little house behind. One lives the life which exists in it and all those million others, so similar. One suffers, one hopes, one despairs with its inmates. In those three hours one lives through the whole period covered through the play, and one grows older!

The World of Books

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE: *Left*—Prunella Beckett whose first novel, *One House Divided*, has just been published by Rich and Cowan. *Right*—Muriel Hine, author of *The Door Opens*—her twenty-first novel which is issued by the Bodley Head

It seems a long time ago since I read a book called *June—Our Stranger* and thereby became interested in the career of Miss Mary Borden, novelist. It seemed to me then, and it is true now, that this author has a gift for fine sensitive prose, a sense of character, some flashes of descriptive ability, with a certain rhythmic uncertainty in the general pattern of her form. Which is a reason why *The Forbidden Zone*, a series of war sketches, and surely one of the best war books written by any woman, is easily the peak of her achievement. In this the only pattern was one of experience; the rhythm of deep emotion was upon it.

Now Miss Mary Borden presents to us THE KING OF THE JEWS, which the publishers insist upon tacking on to her previous *Mary of Nazareth*. There may be several reasons for re-telling the story of the Crucifixion, and that which followed after. The novel is, shall we say, ready made. Others have done it; none have improved upon the original, and in spite of the formidable bibliography quoted at the end of this book, nothing that is artistically important has come from the various attempts. Unless one excepts *The Brook Kerith*; but then the invention of plot wasn't George Moore's strong point either.

Nor is Miss Borden particularly original in focussing her story upon the character of Mary Magdalene. The romantic *via media* is wide open; right lavishly the author bestrews it with her considerable gifts. The reverent will find nothing to offend them in this story, and much that will please them. The orthodox may not take the same view.

I hope, now, that Miss Borden will leave Palestine for good and set about her real job as a novelist. Surely there is enough material in the contemporary scene for the full extension of her great abilities.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a mere literary man is a dull man. A man who is solely a man of business is a selfish man. But when the literary and the commercial are united they make a respectable man."

Mr. H. W. Yoxall has taken this as the thesis for a story, THE RESPECTABLE MAN (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.), and he has made a more than respectable novel from it.

The man, whose character appeared throughout the book to be a little less than life size, has a taste for writing, but he is compelled through the circumstances of his life to make business his career. In this career he had enough success to convince at least one reader that he was not a born writer.

Besides his career, however, he had a wife, and a delightfully real one. Here is an excellent piece of character drawing, best conveyed by a single line, "Margaret did not mind, but she thought it was a pity." As an expression of everyday, grudging tolerance, that would be difficult to better.

A.E., in writing of Mr. Joseph O'Neill's new novel, says: "He has elevated the thriller into literature."

This seems a statement made in a fine and friendly spirit, but I have two quarrels with it. First, I do not consider that the type of story which is called a thriller has had to wait for this month and year for such promotion. I can remember *The Woman in White* and several stories of Edgar Allen Poe's which were certainly not negligible in this comparison.

In the second place, LAND UNDER ENGLAND (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) does not seem to me, on its own merits, to do any great service for the thriller either in or outside the elusive border of literature.

This is an entertaining book though; a thoughtful fantasy of a Roman civilization existing under the very earth of England. It is a satire, too, none the less amusing for being a little heavy-handed, on States governed by dictators.

"Makes you think," in fact; and that homely recommendation is not such a bad one.

The latest addition to Duckworth's Great Lives series is a biography of GENERAL GORDON (Duckworth. 2s.), by Mr. Bernard Allen. The book is a timely reminder of the great general who died exactly fifty years ago.

Gordon is one of the most mysterious and enigmatic personalities in English history. He was a fine general, a brilliant leader of men, and he had as well the same brand of Old Testament religious fanaticism which possessed Cromwell; a fanaticism which prompted him to pray for divine help in battle, and which did not deter him from a ruthless severity if the occasion demanded.

This mystery of his personality has been heightened by the tragic circumstances of his death, and the political crises which accompanied it.

It seems a pity that the author has been inclined to catalogue the details of Gordon's career at the expense of his even more interesting psychological life. This method has resulted in a book which is largely a record of events, set down with a bias of undiscriminating hero-worship.

Very few books have been written about a poacher's life, and for that reason, as well, I admit, as a complete lack of practical experience, Mr. H. E. Bates' new book THE POACHER (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.) was an entirely fresh and stimulating experience.

There is a fine simplicity, and a tautness none the less effective for being studied, about Mr. Bates writing which I found more apparent in his latest book than in *The Fallow Land*.

The boy, Luke Bishop, a poacher's son in the 'eighties, is brought up to a wild life of extreme poverty, adventure, and actual physical danger. Gradually his way of life, though not his surroundings, change. He becomes as it were the victim of respectability. Towards the end of his life there is nothing of his own free spirit left but his deep devotion to his grandson, and that emotion is in itself the key to his final tragedy.

It would be an excellently told story, even without the author's imagination and understanding. As it is, this book is an event.

"She flies round the world with the greatest of ease, this daring young girl"—Fräulein Elly Beinhorn.

With a very small aeroplane, very good looks, and very high spirits, this girl of twenty-five set out from Berlin three years ago, flew rather erratically round the globe and returned to Berlin the following summer to find herself something of a national figure.

FLYING GIRL (Geoffrey Bles. 16s.) is the account of the flight, and in a foreword an equally well-known young traveller, Richard Halliburton, has written "This is that good child's book." It seems an apt description. There is all the gusto and simplicity, the sense of fun that a particularly good child would have, in this story.

Her reactions to public receptions are very funny, especially the South American one at which she was incessantly addressed as "mädchen, mein mädchen."

The Story of the Crucifixion Re-told: A Biography of General Gordon Published on the Fiftieth Anniversary of His Death

Two exhibitions in Bond Street have recently drawn attention to the beauty of the Japanese festival doll. The exquisite finish and the quaint Oriental fantasy of their attitudes caught the imagination of the West End which flocked to see these delicious little people. Some fortunate ones are able to collect these dolls and they especially will welcome the knowledge that the Hokuseido Press of Tokio has published a volume entitled *Dolls on Display*, which describes and illustrates every type of festival doll. The author is Mr. C. Caigner, F.R.G.S., and the book is beautifully printed and bound in a style which, if unfamiliar to English readers, is none the less extremely attractive. The pictures in colour are particularly outstanding.

A Book List

JORDAN & CO.—FRESH FIELDS FOR INVESTMENT. By Ralph Curtis and F. B. Winham. 5s. MARTIN SECKER.—THREE PLAYS (*Prisoners of War, 1918, The Dutch Merchant*). By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Emma D. Ashton. 6s. NEVER ENDING. By Barbara Hughes-Stanton. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—EXPERIMENT IN ADOPTION. By James Wedgwood Drawbell. 6s. THOSE RICH AND GREAT ONES OR LIFE À LA HENRI: Being the Memoirs of Henri Charpentier. 10s. 6d. SIX SOVIET PLAYS. Edited by Eugene Lyons with a Preface by Elmer Rice. 7s. 6d. AN EASTERN ODYSSEY: The Third Expedition of Haardt and Audouin-Dubreuil. By Georges Le Fèvre. Preface by André Citroën. Introduction by L. Audouin-Dubreuil. Translated and Adapted by Major-General Sir E. D. Swinton. Illustrated. 18s. ARTHUR BARKER.—THE RESPECTABLE MAN. By H. W. Yoxall. 7s. 6d. STORME HAVEN. By Joyce Mayhew. 8s. 6d. HENRY V. By J. D. Griffith Davies. 10s. GLOOMY ROMEO. By Laurence Miller. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—BESSIE COTTER. By Wallace Smith. 7s. 6d. TOO MANY BOATS. By Charles L. Clifford. 7s. 6d. 1,700 COCKTAILS FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE BAR. By R. de Fleury. 5s. THIS WAS IVOR TRENT. By Claude Houghton. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—LOVE SONG. By Rupert Hughes. 7s. 6d.

"FAKE" OLD MASTERS IN A FRENCH COURT

A scene in the court at Fontainebleau during the trial of M. Jean François Millet, the grandson of the famous painter, and M. Paul Cazot and Madame Cazot on a charge of faking and selling a large number of pictures purporting to be by the original Millet. According to the prosecution the three accused ran a "picture faking factory" at Barbizon, and they succeeded in disposing of bogus works to various galleries, dealers, and collectors in France and England. On the opening day of the case M. Millet admitted having touched up some of his grandfather's uncompleted canvases

Art News of the Week

At Home and Abroad

ANCIENT AND MODERN: *Left*—The painting of the Virgin and Child, dating from the second half of the thirteenth century and probably executed by a Pisan artist working under Giunta Pisano, which has been presented to the National Gallery by Mr. W. B. Chamberlin. The art critic of *The Morning Post* describes it as a work "of the utmost beauty" and, while it is a little difficult to share completely his enthusiasm in this direction, it must certainly be recognized as an important addition to the pictures of the Early Italian School now in the Gallery. *Right*—The African murals which William Mackay has completed for the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Hall in New York. The late President, it will be remembered, made an extensive hunting trip in East Africa in 1909

ADORNING A PAPAL RESIDENCE: Two beautiful murals by Jan H. de Rosen which have recently been painted on the walls of the private chapel in the Pope's Summer Palace at Castelgandolfo. That on the *left* depicts the last moments of a military chaplain who was killed in action at the Battle of Warsaw in August, 1920, when leading an attack on the Bolshevist forces which were advancing towards the city. That on the *right* shows the defence of the Convent of Czenstochowa, Poland, against the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War. The Pope is greatly interested in Poland, having been Apostolic Nuncio at Warsaw from 1919 to 1920, and having been in the capital at the time when the Russian troops were threatening to capture it. The artist, who is a Pole, served during the war in the British Army and won the Military Medal on the Somme

CLASSIC COIFFURES

Which Reveal the Shape of the Head

Fringes grow more and more luxuriant, and on the left is a Parisian version, curling riotously across the brow, and looking very piquant with Le Monnier's new bonnet in black satin with red and green berries at each side.

The classically beautiful coiffure photographed above is reminiscent of the statue of a young Greek goddess. Brushed closely to the head, the hair sweeps upwards from the brow and the curls form a low and lovely crown.

Let your hair fall forward over your ears and brow. Then brush it back and upwards — and see what a difference it makes. The bone structure of your face becomes noticeable : your eyes seem larger.

This is something that famous hairdressers are determined we shall learn this spring — and just so that it shall not seem too severe, they are brushing the ends of the hair upwards in artless curls.

Look at the beautiful coiffure on the left, classic in its simplicity, exquisite as an old cameo. See what character is given to the head once its shape is defined, and notice how deliciously youthful is this style.

Like the crest of a wave are the curls that are swept across the head on the right. Here the fringe is only lightly waved on the brow and the hair is allowed to cling to the side of the head, but the ends are curled closely at the back, where they run up to meet those that cluster on the top.

These are the modes that Paris is sponsoring. And they will influence the way in which we shall do our hair, even though we may prefer some modification.

✣ Mainly Personal ✣

A "TRAIN" CRASH! *Left*—Master John Talbot, one of the pages at the marriage of Flight-Lieutenant T. P. F. Fagan and the Hon. Isabel Arundell, who created a diversion when he fell down while accompanying the bride to the chapel at Wardour Castle, Wiltshire. *Right*—The bride cutting the cake at the reception with the help of her husband's sword. She is a younger daughter of Lord and Lady Arundell

EASTWARD BOUND: The Reverend E. H. Thorold, C.B., the Chaplain-General to the Forces, leaving London with his wife at the start of a tour to Egypt, the Sudan, and Palestine. In 1926 he was appointed Hon. Chaplain to the King

CARRYING ON: Mr. Edward Hillman who has taken over the aerial transport concern built up by his late father. He is planning, among other things, to build a hotel at his Essex Aerodrome, to institute an hourly service to Paris, and to organise cheap trips to Scotland. He is only 22

AN OCTOGENARIAN SHOWMAN: Mr. Charles Cruft, the founder of Cruft's Annual Dog Show, which took place this week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. He was born in 1852, and organized his first show in 1886

THE HEIGHT OF HER AMBITION: Mlle Madeleine Charnaux who, accompanied by Miss Edith Clark—an English girl, recently beat the world altitude record for women by flying 18,450 ft. above Orly Aerodrome, Paris. Their 'plane was a Farman-Renault

HOME FROM HOLLYWOOD: Lilian Harvey, the British film star, seen as she was about to broadcast during the "In Town To-night" programme at the B.B.C. last Saturday. She has only just returned from America, and it is probable that she will now make several pictures in England

A WINTER'S TALE: The terrific blizzards which have raged in America have made motoring quite impossible. The driver of this car, after vainly trying to extricate his machine, has fixed up a notice in it announcing his departure to a warmer clime till the spring

The Petrol World

The Government's Five Year Plan for the Roads—Outstanding Features of the New Humber — Lord Nuffield Provides More Work

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The Government's proposed Five Year Plan for the roads will certainly be an excellent thing provided that it matures. It would seem that the Minister of Transport has really big ideas as well as those which many people consider puny and ridiculous. This Five Year Plan is a gigantic scheme but it is certain to be worth while and it will start off with the blessing of every road user, although some of those who do not motor appear to object to every measure that is suggested for their own safety.

The Earl of Cottenham seems to have dropped a real high explosive shell right into the middle of the motoring world. The sad part about it is that what Lord Cottenham said reflects the thoughts of far too many motorists. Knowing the R.A.C. and the A.A., I can scarcely believe that they have sat still and twiddled their thumbs. The trouble is that whatever action they took has not received due publicity. What surprises me more than anything else is that the Trade body, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders Ltd., have also hidden their light under a bushel. I sincerely hope that they have not been blinded by the present prosperous state of their members, for unless something is done to put a stop to the anti-motoring restrictions people will, in a few years' time, give up motoring. I do not pretend to have an intimate knowledge of the commercial motor vehicle world but from what I can gather the restrictions there are very much worse than those which come our way. It may be that there is a hidden sinister influence pulling strings in the background with the object of slowly but surely crippling every form of motoring, and unless the S.M.M.T. do something to counteract that influence the Motor Trade in this country may be in for a very thin time during the years to come.

Private motorists feel absolutely helpless, and I am sure that hundreds of thousands would flock into any organization that would provide them with means for making their wishes known and felt. I am all against the starting of a new motoring body and I, therefore, suggest that one or preferably both of the existing organizations for private motorists should extend somewhat on these lines. Anyone who drives or owns private or public motor vehicles should be able to register his name and address with these organizations on payment of some small sum, such as 1s. I think in that way we should band together well over 1,000,000 motorists. These names would then have to be separated out into parliamentary divisions and local meetings held. In that way motorists could be mobilized and could make their weight felt from a political point of view. After all, the motor trade is a very important one in this country, and motorists are the class of people who contribute colossal sums to the Exchequer during the year. I do not think that this Government or any future Government denies these facts, but the trouble is that this influential body of people has no means of expressing itself. If such a scheme were put into operation and meetings were held it is quite possible that the opinions expressed might be quite favourable to the Government's motoring policy, but on the other hand they might not. The great thing, however, is to establish machinery for making the opinions of motorists heard, and my contention is that the existing organizations are more capable of doing this than would be any new body.

For a few days last week I was driving one of the latest Humber Snipe chassis fitted with a four-door saloon body. Ever since motor cars have been made in this country the word Humber has always conjured up in the minds of those interested in motoring matters a car a little bit better than most. The modern Humber—and I judge by the one I have just tested—is quite a good deal better than most other cars. The chassis has many excellent features, many of which are not to be found elsewhere. Starting with the engine, I found it extremely smooth-running, and I had not to go far to discover how it is that this very desirable result is attained. The crankshaft rotates in seven bearings, and is itself more than usually robust. It is balanced and fitted with a vibration damper. In addition to all that care and attention the engine is mounted in a special manner which effectively prevents the slightest trace of vibration getting to the occupants of the car and thus annoying them. During the time I had the car the weather was at its coldest during the present winter. Yet the engine started up practically immediately when the starter button was depressed. I can truthfully say I have never had anything to do with a car which started up more easily and got into its stride more quickly on the coldest of mornings than did this Humber Snipe. I expect much of the praise for this highly-desirable state of affairs is due to the carefully-thought-out induction system, the down-draught carburetter which supplies the mixture, and the new type air silencer of large diameter. There is also a device automatically operated by the under-bonnet temperature, which controls the operation of the choke. In starting up the driver has nothing to do but to switch on the Startix starter, by merely turning the ignition key, and the engine immediately bursts into life. I have had so much trouble with various cars that will not start on a cold and frosty morning that my congratulations to the Humber Company on this point are most sincere.

The Humber is one of the easiest cars in the world to drive. As I previously mentioned there is no choke lever to cause worry, and the ignition advance is automatic. A freewheel is fitted in the transmission, and this allows absurdly simple clutchless gear-changing. The controlling lever is placed to the left of the driver, and is nicely positioned. The hand-brake is on the right, placed well forward so as not to interfere with the easy getting in and out of the driver. As a result it is not too accessible, but as it is always only used as a parking brake the advantage of having a clear door for the driver greatly outweighs any slight lack of accessibility. The car is a mover. Owing to foggy weather I never got an opportunity of letting her stretch her legs to the full, but on more than one occasion I found myself gliding along at 70 m.p.h. in the utmost comfort and silence. For a lazy driver I cannot imagine a more suitable car, as it will go anywhere on main roads without changing down from top gear. Its power of acceleration is also most marked, so that in traffic a driver can get ahead without trouble.

Personally, I am not frightfully keen on freewheels because one makes a silent, smooth car such as this rather jerky, not in actual fact but because it means revving up the engine every now and again in order to maintain speed. Still, I covered many miles with the freewheel in operation and found it perfectly satisfactory, but I prefer having a solid transmission, particularly when the makers of the Humber give me one of the nicest synchromesh gear boxes in existence. The suspension was really excellent, and though I never travelled with a full load, the springs seemed very supple, without permitting the car to roll on corners. Probably because I am accustomed to drive a car with a much higher geared steering I found that the low-geared steering on the Snipe was just a little disconcerting, and I also found the sponginess just a little unusual until I became accustomed to it. No doubt if I had the car a week I would find the steering was quite to my liking. The brakes were good, and even with the freewheel in operation they were always more than sufficient for any emergency that arose.

The equipment on this Humber Snipe was remarkable considering that the cost of the vehicle is round the £500 mark. I doubt if the makers have ever produced a better car, which is saying something, and I can honestly say that the reputation which it has built up for itself is thoroughly merited.

Lord Nuffield left England recently to visit the distributors of his allied companies in various parts of the world. Before his departure he gave instructions for more large extensions to the Morris factories at Cowley. During the past two months all records in output have been broken, and although over £300,000 were spent on reorganization last year, such is the present demand for cars that further extensions have been essential. On completion of the work extra employment will be given to some hundreds of hands. Not only will this mean more work in the factory, but it will create increased employment throughout other branches of the industry all over Great Britain.

AFRICA AS A RACE-TRACK: In anticipation of competing in the proposed Algiers-Rand Motor Race, Miss P. Paddon of Teignmouth has set out to survey the route. Her Riley Nine is equipped with extra petrol tanks to enable long distances to be covered between stations, oversize tyres to travel across the Sahara, and a shovel "just in case"

Furniture in the Gillow Tradition

One of a pair of beautiful carved and gilded satinwood Commodes made at Waring and Gillow's world-famous Lancaster factory.

WARING & GILLOW (1932) LTD.

OXFORD STREET · LONDON W·1 · AND AT MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL

★★★★★
FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
For very Special Occasions

"SPECIAL RESERVE"
Scotland's Choicest
Standard Blend

THE SCOTS WHISKY ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: M. Laval, the French Foreign Minister, seen at the Gare du Nord, Paris, after arriving back from London where, with M. Flandin, he negotiated the Franco-British agreement. He received a tremendous ovation from the crowd, and all the French newspapers have been paying tributes to his skill in bringing the conversations to such a successful conclusion

A BLOW FOR KIMBERLEY: Mr. Victor Jourado, a London dealer, who has bought the rights on the sale of the synthetic diamonds which a scientist, who is remaining anonymous, has recently discovered the secret of making. The stones are said to be almost perfect and it is claimed that it is now possible to imitate a £500 diamond for £35. The inventor has gone into hiding

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

"Like as a father pitieth." This was the secret which moved the founder of the Society, Mr. William Williams, to devote his life to the service of unfortunate children, and this same secret led that great seventh Earl of Shaftesbury to a life of philanthropic service for humanity. Ninety-two years have passed since the foundation of the Society, but still its principles are the same. Each year, however, the Society find it harder to obtain the wherewithal to keep their work going to its full capacity. They feel convinced, however, that the work they are carrying on makes its own appeal, far more than any ordinary words, and they earnestly appeal to all readers of THE SPHERE to send donations towards their great work of training 1,100 poor boys and girls to become good and useful men and women. All gifts, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

GOLD FROM THE SKIES

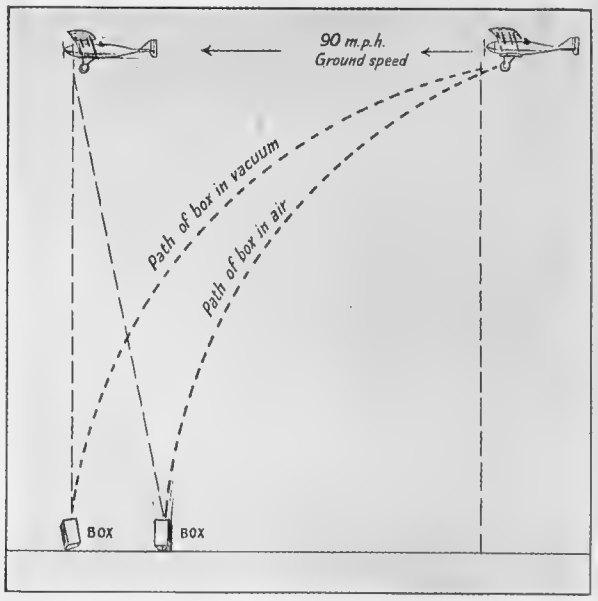
The Curious Way in which Objects Fall—An Analysis of an Event which, it is to be Hoped, will in the Future be of Rare Occurrence

If a heavy object such as a box of gold falls from an aeroplane, it is, at the moment it parts company with the machine, travelling forward over the ground at the same speed as the aeroplane. But at the same moment the force of gravity begins to take effect, and it is drawn towards the earth at a speed which, neglecting air resistance, increases at the rate of 32 feet per second during each second of its fall. All the time it is thus accelerating downwards it is also going forward with a ground speed equal to that of the aeroplane, part of which it was before the two parted company.

Thus every object dropped from an aeroplane has two quite independent movements: (a) Downward under the force of gravity, and (b) forward in the direction of the machine's flight under the influence of the speed imparted to it by the machine.

Were the object falling in a vacuum there would be nothing to hinder its downward acceleration or its forward flight. It would, therefore, remain beneath the aeroplane and always strike the ground vertically beneath it however high the machine might be.

But in actual fact air resistance comes into play, its effect being largely dependent on the shape and mass of the object. A stream-lined object such as a bomb will meet less resistance than an object with flat sides such as a box, but in either case, if it has sufficiently far to fall, every object must meet sufficient air resistance to stop its further acceleration. For instance it has been found that the human body falling freely ceases to accelerate after it has reached about 120 m.p.h. and continues to fall at that speed.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT: It may not be generally realised that an object falling from an aeroplane at first moves forward with the same velocity as the 'plane. This diagram shows the approximate path of a box of gold when falling in the ordinary atmosphere and the path of a box when falling in a vacuum. In the latter case it will be noted that the box would reach the ground at exactly the same moment as the aeroplane would be passing directly above it

When the air resistance balances the pull of gravity the speed of fall becomes constant but the forward speed imparted to our box of gold by the aeroplane has no force to sustain it against the air resistance so that it gradually dies away and the box trails behind the machine and strikes the ground an appreciable distance behind it.

NORTH AFRICA
IS AT YOUR DOOR!

A journey to Northern Africa would once have daunted any casual traveller. How different it is to-day with Algiers only 47 hours from London. You are whisked across the loveliest part of France in a fast luxurious train. At Marseilles up-to-date "Transatlantique" steamers ferry you over the blue Mediterranean to Africa. With the fogs of London hardly out of your lungs, you find yourself among orange groves and the shady gardens of Islam. All about you is the glamour of the "Unknown Continent" and the strange beauty of the East.

Travel the quick and comfortable way to
ALGERIA
TUNISIA
MOROCCO
Via Paris, Marseilles and
"TRANS-ATLANTIQUE"
Steamer
8 SAILINGS EACH WEEK

Cie. Gle.
TRANSATLANTIQUE LTD.
French Line C.G.T.
20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, and all leading Travel Agents.

Readers of
THE SPHERE
are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by
The
SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON.

The Papal Villa at Castel Gandolfo, near Rome

Spring in

ITALY

50 °/₀ Reduction on Railway Fares

NAPLES AND ITS WONDERFUL SURROUNDINGS

Capri, Sorrento, Amalfi, Castellammare, Pompeii, Ercolano, Ischia, Ravello

In all seasons the ideal sojourn—
Sports—Social events—Opera season

HOTELS—

CONTINENTALE — On the sea front
GRAND HOTEL — On the sea front
ROYAL — First-class, on the sea front
TERMINUS — Next Central Station
EXCELSIOR — On the sea front
PARKER'S — Enchanting view
SANTA LUCIA — First-class, on the sea front
VESUVE — First-class, on the sea front

ISOTTA & GENÈVE—VITTORIA

Circumvesuviana Railway: to POMPEII, CASTELLAMMARE, SORRENTO

For information apply: Comitato Provinciale Turismo—Naples.

SANTA MARGHERITA LIGURE (near Genoa)

One of the most beautiful resorts of the Italian Riviera.
Inexpensive Hotels with excellent cuisine and service.
Apply to: Azienda Turismo—Santa Margherita Ligure (Genoa).

HOTEL CONTINENTALE — 60 beds—Terms from L.30
HOTEL LAURIN — 30 beds—Terms from L.26
HOTEL REGINA ELENA — 80 beds—Terms from L.30
HOTEL EDEN GUGLIELMINA — 90 beds—Terms from L.32
HOTEL MIGNON MEDITERRANÉE — 40 beds—Terms from L.25
HOTEL SPLENDID—PORTOFINO MARE — 70 beds—Terms from L.32

SICILY *the Island of Sunshine, Legend, History and Art*

SEASON FROM JANUARY TO MAY

Opera Season in Catania—Classical dances, flower festivals, pageants, in the Greek temples of Agrigento and Taormina—Sicilian Art Exhibition in Siracusa—International motor-boat competition from Cannes to Palermo for the "Blue Ribbon of the Mediterranean"—International golf, tennis—International sailing races in Palermo (prizes up to Lire 40,000)—Motor racing on the Course of the Madonie (Prizes up to Lire 150,000)

50 °/₀ Reduction on Railway Fares

Apply: "Primavera Siciliana"—Palermo

Italian Riviera — **SAN REMO, BORDIGHERA, OSPEDALETTI**

Sun—Flowers—Gardens—Sea—All sorts of social and sporting events—2 Golf Links

CASINO: Roulette—Trente et Quarante—Baccara—Opera Season—Concerts—Musical Comedies

For information: Azienda Unica di Cura—San Remo

PARMA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CORREGGIO'S PAINTINGS

April 21st—October 28th

Correggio's Masterpieces will be sent to Parma from the foreign and the Italian Art Galleries so as to offer an unique occasion to admire the complete works of this great master

REDUCED RAILWAY FARES

ROME — HOTEL EXCELSIOR. Best location in Via Veneto. World-renowned. Very convenient terms.
GRAND HOTEL. Centre of diplomatic life. Very convenient terms.

GENOA — HOTEL COLOMBIA. Latest built. Every comfort. Direct subway from Station. Convenient terms.

For information apply to: **E. N. I. T., 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, and all Travel Agencies**

SHAVERS' QUERIES

No. 4

BRITISH MADE

Why does the KROPP *never need grinding?*

Because its blade is hand-forged—beaten out from a bar of steel BY HAND! A slow process. Machines can do it quicker and easier.

But the machine method wouldn't do for a Kropp Razor, and it wouldn't satisfy our proud Sheffield craftsmen or those who appreciate the difference between a clean, smooth shave and a scrape-over.

Booklet 170 tells more. Free on request.

In case, Black handle . . **10/6**
Ivory handle **18/-**

From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Try the new Kropp Bakelite Shaving Stick, price 1/3. Also Kropp Shaving Cream, 1/3 per large tube.

OSBORNE GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON W.1.

Why not a Holiday Next Winter in Beautiful

NEW ZEALAND

Where it will be Summer!!

Where also the English £1 is worth £1 4s. as against approximately 12s. 3d. in most European holiday resorts.

- There is no other country of equal size which has scenery so varied and beautiful as New Zealand. Her **Sounds** are even grander than the Fiords of Norway; her **Lakes** as beautiful as those of Italy. Her **Alps** compare with those of Switzerland. She has Thermal Wonders unequalled in the world.
- There is magnificent Trout and Salmon Fishing, and the Deep-Sea Angling for Swordfish and Mako Shark is the **Best in the World.**
- Incomparable Red and Fallow Deer-Stalking; and Moose, Wapiti, Chamois and Thar are plentiful.
- A special representative of the New Zealand Government Tourist Department, recently from New Zealand, deals with enquiries, and will supply itineraries and estimates of costs.

For full information and booklets apply to—

The High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2

Or to LEADING LOCAL TOURIST AND SHIPPING AGENCIES

TRADE UNIONISM AND THE STAGE

(Continued from p. 198)

onus of the actors' membership of Equity on to the managers, and that the onus should rest on Equity. Equity replies that this clause is the only means of legally enforcing the standard contract. The managers in return have referred the matter to the Minister of Labour to see whether he can find a method of legal enforcement of this contract by some other means. Everything else—the rates of pay, the overtime, the methods of employment, are agreed upon.

It may interest you to know that an artist engaged at a salary of less than ten pounds a week is to be paid ten shillings a day for each rehearsal unless it is a musical show, in which case they receive a flat rate of two pounds a week of forty-nine hours. If rehearsals are extended past midnight the management has agreed to pay the artists' transport home. All rehearsals on Sunday, except the Sunday rehearsal immediately preceding the day of production, are to be paid at double rates. The weekly salary of an artist during the run of a play shall never be less than three pounds. In reference to this, one may say that in one of the greatest successes of two or three years ago crowds of extras were paid only thirty shillings a week. Actors and actresses getting over twenty pounds a week get no rehearsal money, by the way. Whatever their salary, if they fail to attend three rehearsals, their engagement can be terminated at once.

Nothing satisfactory will ever really be achieved until Equity decides to divide itself into two grades: one for the chorus, and one for the principals, as they do in the United States. Many of the principals at the moment object to the idea that they can be out-voted by the chorus, as indeed they can. As to the threat of a strike in the theatre, this may be taken as sheer nonsense. Even if artists turn themselves into a kind of trade union, they are not like other trade unionists. That is to say, if they go on strike they cannot come back and find the factory waiting to start work again. If the actors and actresses strike obviously the play comes to an end, and they will have no job to which to return.

Let me conclude with a comment of a well-known manager. "The stage is not a profession. Nor is it a trade. It is just a mess, and has to be handled accordingly." No wonder hundreds of actors and actresses are on the dole. For the Profession, as they love to call it, is hopelessly overcrowded, and the chances of a novice of rising from the chorus to stardom is as remote as that of a private becoming a lieutenant-general. Sonnie Hale, Gertrude Lawrence, and Jessie Matthews are three of the people whose talent, luck, and pertinacity have caused so many to do the silliest thing of which they were capable—to Go on the Stage.

THE CRADLE OF CONFLICT

(Continued from p. 204)

Jehol, the capital of the Province and the Headquarters of the Military Command, is a small city of about forty thousand inhabitants, with a little main street of shops as yet unflooded by cheap Japanese goods. Donkeys and Manchu ponies wander about with their loads of brushwood, or their long-legged riders in no particular direction, and one is as little surprised to see one of these turning into a shop as one is to see camels scrambling up the rocky slope to the Missionaries' house, with the winter supply of coal.

THE KURFURSTEN OTTO HEINRICH, ELECTOR PALATINE: A bust from the Louvre which is now on view at an exhibition of sculpture in the Prinzessinenpalais in Berlin. Otto Heinrich, who flourished in the middle years of the sixteenth century, was a great patron of the arts, a keen traveller, and an ardent religious reformer. He built part of the famous schloss at Heidelberg—one of Germany's most beautiful castles which was laid in ruins in 1693 by Marshal de Lorge, and was also responsible for the Otto Heinrichs-Bau—a building that epitomises all that is best in the German Renaissance style of architecture

I spent a morning at the Palace with the General commanding and his staff. A courteous and delightful old man who reminded me constantly of Lord Roberts, and whose smattering of French and English, combined with his amusement at his own jokes, made the morning pass quickly. There was no nonsense about him. He made me no speeches on "Wangtao"; the "New and Independent State of Manchukuo" was never mentioned, but he left me with the impression of someone who felt that he had been put into a job of clearing up and that he intended to do that job as efficiently as he possibly could. He was not an aggressor, I felt, but a competent administrator.

I noticed that in one corner of the barely-furnished room there was a glass tank, in which tired fish took exercise. His Chief of Staff told me that General Sugihara was a keen fisherman, but didn't like the fish killed, so always brought them home and kept them in his bedroom! Somehow I found this humane attitude very hard to reconcile with the humiliating kowtowing which every Chinese is made to do to the most insignificant Japanese sentry, both as he enters and as he leaves the military headquarters. Even the messenger sent to take my note to the General was told not to come back again until he had had his hair cut in some particular way dictated to him by the sentry! But, apart from petty pin-pricks such as this, and quite apart from the question of Japan's motive, or her justification for the seizing of Manchuria, the fact remains that the people of Jehol are in a better state to-day than they were at the time of the coming of the Japanese. Even those who had at first opposed them most bitterly said so. This is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that under the previous regime they were taxed out of existence, and their crops were seized. To-day they are at least sure that the crops that they grow will be paid for, they know what their taxes for the year will be, the soldiers are their protectors and not their enemies, their currency is stable, and their wages are sure. Added to that the epidemics of cholera, plague, and typhus are kept under control through the efforts of the medical service.

I saw the temporary military hospital, and the foundations of the new hospital of many hundreds of beds which is being built in the Palace grounds. In that hospital I saw hanging a poster which still gives me to pause. A soldier on horseback, and underneath the words "Thirty years since Japan's last great victory. Manchuria. Mongolia."

Last but not least the work on new roads and old never ceases, and it is to the North-west, the West and downwards that these roads and railways are being laid in the Province of Jehol.

TREASURE
FROM
SCOTLAND

The Hotel that has every advantage

The Imperial ranks among the leading luxury hotels of Europe. It has been honoured by Royalty and many distinguished persons; to-day, although conforming to every modern trend, it still possesses the charm inseparable from last century's dignity and hospitality.

SUITES

with sitting-rooms, private bathrooms and toilets attached. All luxuriously furnished and centrally heated throughout; with glorious sea views.

POSITION

The finest in Torquay . . . close to the sea's edge overlooking Torbay . . . secluded, yet close to the Town.

CLIMATE

A perfect "place in the sun" surrounded by Devon's loveliest country.

CUISINE AND SERVICE

Under the supervision of a renowned chef . . . individual catering for those receiving Medical Treatment.

TENNIS · BILLIARDS · BATHING
GOLF · DANCING · ETC.

Mr. C. W. HORE will be glad to send you a special brochure upon request.

The Imperial
TORQUAY'S PREMIER HOTEL
IMPERIAL HOTEL · TORQUAY · SOUTH DEVON

The
TOILET ROLL
for
Discerning People

QUIETLY, unobtrusively, Bronco is replacing ordinary toilet rolls. You can notice it in the houses of your friends. Bronco, in fact, is hardly like a paper at all. It has a delicacy, a pliancy, a soft, satiny texture all its own, unlike any toilet paper you have ever tried. Bronco is a quality product for fastidious people, yet is actually more economical than many so-called "cheap rolls." Bronco contains approximately 800 sheets to the roll, whereas in many toilet rolls there are fewer than half that number. Try Bronco—it will add a new comfort to life.

You can get Bronco from nearly all Chemists, Stores, Stationers, Grocers, etc.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Solely Manufactured by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co., Ltd.,
HACKNEY WICK . . . . . LONDON, E. 9
The largest makers of toilet paper in the United Kingdom.

Seedsmen by Appointment

Carters
TESTED SEEDS

"BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING" 1935
400 pages. 18 colour plates. Lawns, Flowers & Vegetables. From W. H. Smith & Son and Wyman's Bookstalls. Price 1/-

THE
SHERWOOD CUP
Awarded to Carters
for the most meritorious exhibit, Chelsea Show, 1934.

NEW SWEET PEAS
TITANIA. Clear Salmon Cerise. 36 seeds 2/6. 12 seeds 1/-
BLUE MOON. The best Blue we have ever raised. 36 seeds 2/6. 12 seeds 1/-.
ROSE DAY. Identical with the Roses sold on Queen Alexandra's Rose Day. 36 seeds 2/6. 12 seeds 1/-.

New Runner Bean
"STREAMLINE"
A new and magnificent prolific Runner Bean. The most outstanding introduction in the Bean world for over 50 years.
Half pint 2/-; pint, 3/6; quart, 6/-

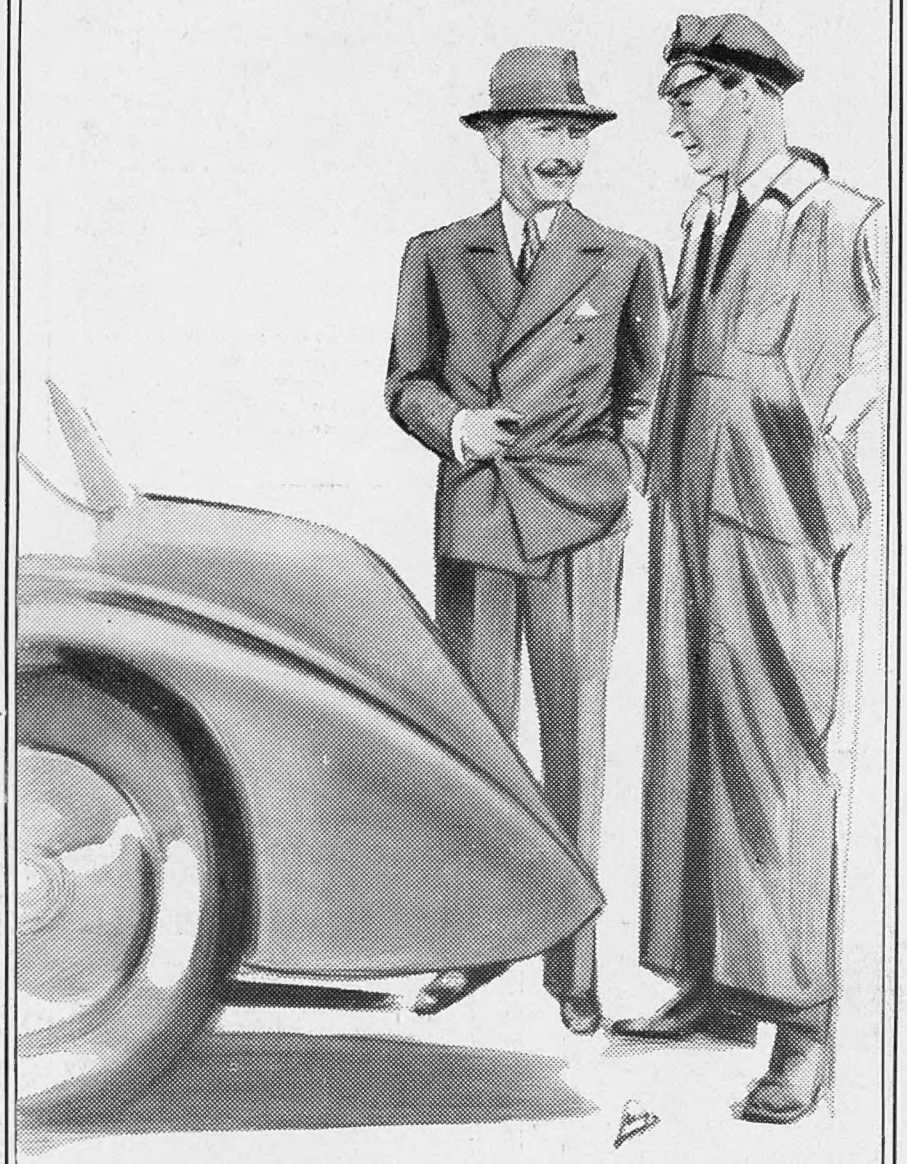
A Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue "Garden and Lawn," 106 pages with colour plates. Free on application.

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, LTD.
RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.20
134 Regent St., W.1. 115 Cheapside, E.C.2. 129 High Holborn, W.C.1. 53a Queen Victoria St., E.C.4 Houston Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.
All Seeds carriage paid

Immediate Cash Advances.
£50 to £5,000
WITH OR WITHOUT SECURITY
Branches at Bristol, Croydon, Leicester, and Ipswich.
London & Provinces Discount Co., Ltd.,
DIRECTOR: A. ROUTCLIFFE.
78, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4
Established 1875. Telephone: City 1864-5.

"Well, have you tuned her up to give a better performance?"

"She doesn't need it sir, just give her 'BP' Ethyl—that's the secret with these snappy engines."



"BP" ETHYL
for SNAPPY ENGINES!

"BP" Ethyl is specially prepared for high compression engines. No livelier petrol can be obtained from any pump. The special dopes used for speed records are both unobtainable and unsuitable for ordinary motoring.

BP ETHYL

HE is getting on in years, but he keeps fit because he never forgets to take his morning glass of Kutnow's.

Kutnow's Powder is a very fine Saline, which has an alkaline action. It not only neutralizes the acids and lime deposits which form in one's body, but daily removes these poisons from the system, thus preventing hardening of the arteries (arterio sclerosis) and premature old age.

Half-an-hour before breakfast have your valet bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessert-spoonful of Kutnow's in it. Stir briskly and drink it off.

Make this a habit and you make sure of keeping fit and living to a healthy old age.

KUTNOW'S
EFFERVESCENT SALINE
POWDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS
HOME PRICE 2/9.

Benger's Booklet will help sufferers from the unrest of weak digestion. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

Somebody's overtired in your House.

with ragged nerves, almost "too tired to eat" and digestion too weak for ordinary food. This is a case for Benger's Food,—restful, soothing, nourishing!

338d

MAKING A TALKIE

(Continued from p. 206)

At last it is decided that it can be done. So the synopsis goes for "treatment": that is to say the structure of the film is planned out in detail. Then it goes to the scenario writers, and there may be several of these—each man (or woman) tackling the scene best suited to his or her powers. And during this process there may be need for consulting with all manner of experts, from antiquarians to doctors. Next comes the dialogue, and the dialogue-writer is in most cases quite a different person from the scenario writer. If the film is a costume one they may call in a novelist who specialises in this particular period; while for Cockney "back-chat" they will get someone else—and so on.

At length what is known as the "shooting script" is ready. Meantime the art director has been more than busy, and the art director is a most important person. He may have to design anything from a cathedral or a medieval castle to the interior of a dance hall or a log cabin. Sometimes sets which are in use for only a few minutes cost many hundreds of pounds. Strict economy therefore must be observed. On the other hand, there must be no spoiling of the ship for a ha'porth of tar; nor must any detail be inaccurate. One firm built a section of a battleship in their studios and they employed a naval commander throughout to make sure that every item was absolutely ship-shape.

And, working in conjunction with the art director is the property man who may be required to produce anything from succulent-looking grilled cutlets made of paste to a *papier-maché* jemmy which, when nicely warmed, will be guaranteed not to hurt the person who is knocked on the head with it.

Then there is the casting director. The allocation of the parts to be played by the stars is more or less automatic, but the casting director's troubles begin with the other parts. It is his business to know the capabilities of every actor and actress not only in film-land but on the stage. His files contain thousands of records consisting of cards on the front of which is a photograph and on the back particulars of the artist. Let us suppose that he wants a "minor vamp," and that she must be some particular kind of vamp.

The casting director's secretary turns to the "Vamp" file. There are scores of cards to go through, such as this:—

ESME SCARLET—Age 28; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark, attractive, good figure, oval face.

Previous parts—Petrovina in *A Woman from Prague:* Cleopatra in *The Golden Nile;* Jojo in *The Spy I Loved.*

This is a good record, but the casting director ponders over the lady's figure and finally agrees with himself that this is the "vamp" that will do.

All this time the director—the man who is to produce the film—has been roaming from department to department, telling the art director that he must have a window here, or that the steps must be widened there. And he looks over his cast and reads the scenario as a barrister reads his brief, so that when it comes to the actual shooting he has, in his mind, already filmed the picture many times over.

Then as the day for the actual "taking" approaches, he has long and anxious consultations with his assistant directors, the engineers in charge of the lights, the camera-men, and the sound-track men. Time, indeed, is the essence of the contract. So much time is allowed for the shooting of each sequence, and time has to be allowed for inevitable delays. But the shooting must be to time or the bill mounts up, and the director will be more than unpopular.

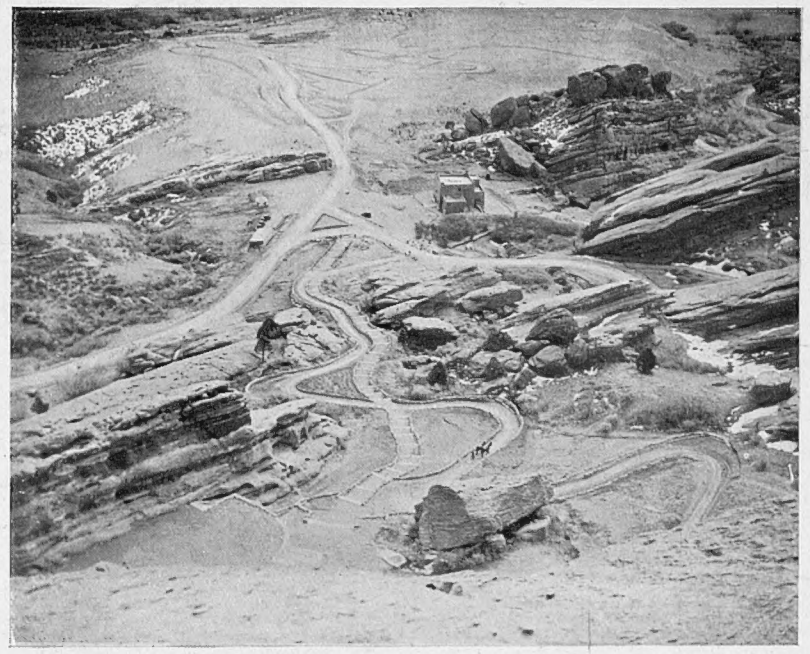
At last, all being ready, the director goes into action. And he must be a man of unlimited patience, for sometimes the gallant hero must embrace the clinging heroine at least fifty times before he (the director) is satisfied. There is no work in the world so plodding as the production of a film. Hour after hour of repetition, repetition, and again repetition. Sometimes at the end of a ten-hour day there has not been produced more film than it would take five minutes to show on the screen, and yet they are on time.

As each sequence is taken, the negative is sent to the laboratories for rush prints. These "rushes" are viewed by the director and his colleagues each day to see whether they are right or not; and they are also viewed by his chiefs. Thus there is a daily weighing-up of the director's work.

When the last scene has been shot the film is assembled by the film editor who may have to cut it by perhaps hundreds of feet. He must, so to speak, not only edit it, but sub-edit it, tighten and tauten it, bring out the interest and give it the final polish.

This is how Talkies are made. It is work of deep interest, and sometimes thrills—and to my mind the greatest thrill of all is when the sound-proof doors swing to for the first time and the director is left alone to make or mar a £100,000 picture.

THE PARK OF THE RED ROCKS, DENVER



Centuries ago this part of Colorado was on the edge of a great inland sea and, as a result of the erosion of the surrounding soil, these giant rocks were left isolated. Thousands of tourists visit this spot every year, and the Denver authorities are now engaged in building an open-air theatre there which will be capable of seating 20,000 people, and will be used for the presentation of pageants, plays, and even opera

CAESAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture, 15 ins. by 10¼ ins.), at **5/-** each.

Copies signed by the artist, **10/-** each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

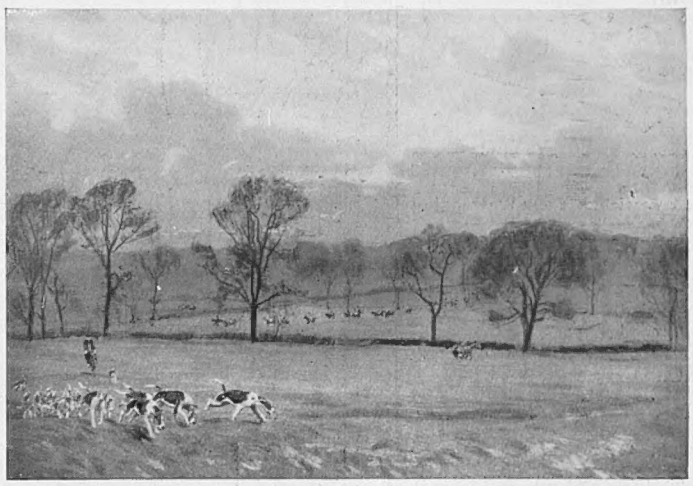
Or framed complete in best quality ½-in. Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and Glass. Size overall 20¾ ins. by 16¾ ins. Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) **10/6** each.

Or copies signed by the artist **15/6** each.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT



The Pytchley Hounds at Crick.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

CHARLES SIMPSON, R.I.,

has been published by THE SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follow:—

SIGNED ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 100 only) **£1.1.0**

UNSIGNED PROOFS (limited to 100 only) - - **10.6**

Prints after pictures by the leading Sporting Artists are always on view at THE SPORTING GALLERY.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland postage 1/- extra) from

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W. 1

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.—*February* 9, 1935. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

C., Lancs. (Holland and Canada).—The bulb fields of Holland stretch from Alkmaar to Leyden, Haarlem (Hotel Funckler), being the best centre from which to see them. For a really first-class hotel you would have to go to The Hague (Hotel Wittebrug) which is only eight minutes' train journey from Leyden, there being a very good service between these two places. A four-days' visit to Holland could be spent as follows: first day in Amsterdam (Carlton Hotel); second day, an excursion to the Island of Marken; third day, visit the bulb fields *en route* to The Hague; fourth day, tour The Hague and make an excursion to Delft.

The trip up the coast from Vancouver is certainly very well worth doing. The Canadian Pacific and Alaska lines both rtn such excursions during the summer months varying from eight to twenty-three days' duration. The latter trip includes a train, coach, and river steamer through Alaska, and is a unique and most interesting experience, for the scenery of Alaska is very fine. The three most beautiful and popular centres in the Canadian Rockies are Banff (Banff Springs Hotel), Lake Louise (Château Lake Louise), and Emerald Lake (Emerald Lake Chalet).

T., Dublin (Dalmatia).—An excellent book on Dalmatia is Geoffrey Rhodes' *Dalmatia, the New Riviera*. The ideal and practical way of seeing the Dalmatian coast with its many lovely islands is to travel down the coast, stopping a few days at the recognized centres, by the frequent steamer services from Venice and Trieste to the Dalmatian, Albanian, and Greek ports. Split (Hôtel Bellevue) is a charming old town, famous for the Palace of Diocletian, while the short strip of coast between the town and Trogir is renowned for its beauty. A short excursion from Split is to the town of Almiss, perched on a ledge in the side of the mountains. Dubrovnik is, of course, the "show-place" of Dalmatia, and fully a week should be spent there. The island of Lokrum, which lies opposite the town, is remarkable for its great natural beauty and wealth of flowers and plants. Walks on the headland of Sgj outside Dubrovnik reveal scenes typical of the peasant life and pastoral beauty of Dalmatia. Excursions from the town include those to the old Turkish town of Trebinje, to the valley of the Ombla, and to Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, via Kotor. An over-night excursion by motor coach can also be made to Serajevo. If you wish to make a tour inland you could travel from Serajevo to Lasva and Jajce by train, thence to Benja Luka by motor coach on to Zagreb through Croatia, and from Zagreb to Bled and Trieste.

S., Worc. (Cruises).—A most attractive cruise which would suit your requirements is that of the *Atlantis* of the Royal Mail Line, which leaves Southampton on April 6 for a twenty-three days' cruise to Morocco, Greece, Cyprus, Asia Minor, Malta, Tripoli, and Portugal, arriving back at Southampton on April 29. Fares range from 39 guineas. The *Atlantis* is a very fine ship, and you would be well advised to make early application to the Royal Mail Line, Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C., for reservations as this cruise is sure to be extremely popular. Another cruise is that of the *Duchess of Richmond* of the Canadian Pacific Line which leaves Liverpool on April 6 for an eighteen-days' cruise to Spain, Italy, Malta, and Morocco, fare ranging from 29 guineas.

N., Yorks. (Portugal).—The most convenient and economical method of travelling to Estoril is by boat to Lisbon, which is but a thirty minutes' train journey from Estoril. Boats of the Royal Mail Line and Blue Funnel Line call at Lisbon, the return 1st class fare ranging from £18. The return 2nd class fare overland to Estoril is £17 7s. which does not include the cost of sleeping berths or meals, en route. The climate of Estoril is mild, sunny, and bracing, the height of the winter season being during February and March.

At the Service of Our Readers

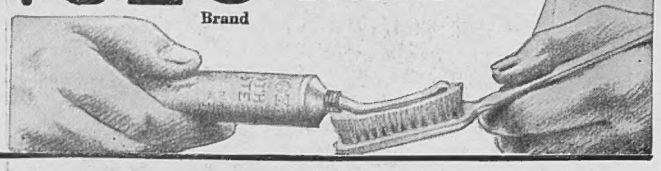
"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

Why GENOZO *is the perfect modern dentifrice*

Modern dentists recommend Genozo Brand Tooth Paste, and all far-seeing people use it daily, because it cleans without injuring the precious protective enamel of the teeth *and also takes care of the gums*. It contains a bacterial emulsion which is absorbed into the gum tissue, and thus it keeps the whole mouth fresh and healthy. Genozo will make your teeth beautiful and *keep* them so. Let this wonderful dentifrice guard you from deadly pyorrhœa.

GENOZO Brand **TOOTH PASTE**



Of all Chemists— **1/3** and **2/-** *(double quantity)*

MADE BY GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Palma de Majorca.—Hotel Ingles.—Gives you the best of the best at mod. rts. Pens. fr. Ptas. 13 to 20. Spec. terms for long stay. Engl. spkn.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute — Knocke. — The Golf Hotel.—"Always Open." Inclusive Winter terms, 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Gd. Hotel & Restaurant du Pavillon. 36, rue de l'Echiquier, nr Opera. Write for partics. "The only one-price Hotel in town."

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel du Parc.—Finest situation in large park facing sea. Patronised by best British society.

Hyeres.—Hotel Beausejour.—Engl. Resid. Hotel in large garden. Engl. Library. Nearest golf, croquet. From 9/- daily. Bertrang, Prop.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most luxurious hotel centr. sit. 200 rms., 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 55 per day facing south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel des Etrangers.—Absolutely First-class. Terms, including Government tax, from Frs. 35.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. terms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Frs. 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

ITALY.

San Remo.—Hotel Royal.—Italian Riviera, for every comfort and attraction, facing the sea. Terms from 17s.

SWITZERLAND.

Adelboden.—Adler Hotel & Kursaal.—Exc. Ski-ing and Curling, indoor amusmnts. English Ski-Club, best food, inclus. terms from Frs. 14.

Lausanne.—Byron Hotel.—Best position, all m. comfort, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.

Lausanne - Palace - Beau - Site Hotels.—1st.-cl. at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Gar. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like House. Latest comfort. Rooms from Frs. 5, inclus. terms Frs. 13. Garden. Gar. Restaurant.

Wengen.—Park Hotel, Beausite.—1st cl. w. all mod. conven. in beaut. sun. & centr. posit. All sports. Incl. trms. w. afternoon tea fr. Frs. 16.

The Ideal Liqueur for Entertaining

Always choose GRANT'S LIQUEURS—made by the famous house for Cherry Brandy—THOS. GRANT & SONS — over 150 years' reputation for wonderful quality.

CHERRY BRANDY, CRÊME de MENTHE, SLOE GIN, etc.

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy

Little Lady Liqueur

GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY

Small in size — powerful in magnification

The "VEDET" Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

You will always find a use for this handy vest pocket telescope, on land or sea, at race or sports meetings, shoots, etc. Of similar construction to prism binoculars, it has only one barrel, giving easier focusing. Weight 4 ozs. Length 4 ins. Magnification × 8. Conveniently carried in the pocket or handbag.

Complete in soft leather case, with sling - - **£3 17 6**

Write for full particulars:—

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD.,
313 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

CASH ADVANCES BY POST
£30 to £5,000

To Ladies or Gentlemen on note of hand alone WITHOUT ANY SECURITY.

RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD.,
4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY

because she is beautiful. But only a short time ago she was skinny and showed her bones instead of healthy, smooth flesh. She was pale, too. But she took **"Valitone Bonbons,"** Dr. Gallinger's prescription. By eating these tasty bonbons the weight can be increased within a few weeks by 10 to 30 pounds. The unsightly bones that show on the cheeks and shoulders become beautifully covered, the bust takes on a firm, attractive, round shape, and the body weight is increased by many pounds of firm flesh, evenly distributed. She is no longer tired and sickly, and within a few weeks her former skinny looks have given way to a beautiful, healthy appearance. At the same time, by increasing the red blood corpuscles, **"Valitone Bonbons"** restore nervous energy, tone and enrich the blood, and aid digestion of men and women. Send for free full information and testimonials to—

THE VALITONE CO. (V.152),
45, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!
Increased my own height to 6ft. 3¾ins. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Particulars (mailed privately) FREE.
S. K. MALCOLM ROSS,
Height Specialist, Scarboro', England. (*P.O. Box 15.*)

E103

Cost per shave — not cost per Blade

The Best Blade in the World

Discriminating users insist on "Eclipse" Blades not only for their luxurious shaving comfort, but because of their outstanding and lasting quality. Their use is not extravagance but a real economy. Prove their economical value by purchasing a packet.

Stocked by Boot's, Taylor's, Timothy White's, and all Chemists, Hairdressers, etc.

3 for 1/2 **5 for 1/8**

Sole Manufacturers:
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Revised from January 1st, 1935

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.
INLAND ...	3 0 10	1 10 5	1 9 3	14 9
CANADA ...	3 0 8	1 10 4	1 9 3	14 9
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	3 5 6	1 14 0	1 11 8	15 10

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of *The Sphere*,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Please send me The Sphere *weekly for* _____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ *1935*

ADVERTISERS would appreciate your mentioning "THE SPHERE" when replying to their ANNOUNCEMENTS.

START THIS STORY AND YOU WILL WANT TO READ EVERY PAGE IN THIS FINE MAGAZINE

"HE surrounded himself only with those things which could gratify eye or intellect. The originality and grace of his entourage attracted the attention of Nero, and Petronius entered the privileged group that surrounded the Emperor.

In a short time he became his intimate friend. Nero gradually accepted all Petronius' suggestions, and Tacitus says that soon the Emperor enjoyed nothing that did not derive directly from Petronius.

A banquet prepared under the supervision of Petronius was a spectacle of beauty undreamed of and fantastic. Art was wedded to good taste, bold originality to unlimited resource. The selection of vessels, the combination of colours, the complicated machinery installed invisibly in the ivory ceilings so that it seemed the heavens rained rose-petals that changed colour as they fell to the table, wine spouting from amphoræ held by the gilded Danaids that stirred suddenly to unexpected life, the music, the women, their garments. . . . All reflected the personality of Arbiter Elegantiarum. What wonder he became the indispensable companion of Nero . . .

* * *

A duel started between Petronius and Tigellinus, the Prefect of the Pretorian Guard. If they had both been of the same nature, Rome would have seen a brilliant competition of wit and talent: but Tigellinus was an enemy who stabbed in the dark: Petronius preferred to fight in the open.

Tigellinus believed in well-studied, well-prepared undermining. Far from being strong enough to meet his adversary with the same weapons, he set out to ruin Petronius by any means. And the most infallible—poison in the ear of Nero.

When diplomacy is degraded to the service of hypocrisy, it is difficult to detect what is really intended as a preparation for an unseen blow to follow.

Petronius was on the *qui vive*. He well knew his danger . . .

* * *

At a given moment slaves bore into the middle of the room—a huge bath.

It was filled with hot water, scented with oils of Sicilian Bergamot, festooned with ropes of roses. . . . Petronius rose with a smile. He waved a hand all round, saluted his friends, bade them go on with the feast, sing, laugh, drink without ceasing.

'Let me die with this scene in my eyes, these sounds in my ears,' he said.

As though he were leading a bride to the marriage bed, he led his beloved to the bath.

The expression of his face changed not one whit. Neither did hers. She felt in that deathly love, that lovely death, the thrill of a thousand nights. . . . Her ecstasy was unbearable to behold. Together they swayed, locked in each other's arms, the length of the bath. . . . They kissed the kiss of life on the threshold of death. There was a flash of white—and a bandage slipped from a wrist to the floor. . . . The music played on. . . .

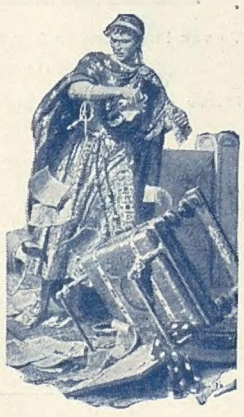
* * *

When the messenger handed the parcel to Nero, the Emperor thought it was Petronius' will. It was usual to leave legacies to the Emperor, especially after an order of execution, in the hope of saving either the lives of or property for the relicts of the family.

But from Petronius?

No adulation, no legacies, no compliments.

The parcel contained a book, written in complete secrecy. The book described in a cloak of picturesque, graceful, euphuistic language the inner story of those shameful, shameless, famous, infamous orgies of which Nero was the leader. The names were changed but the characters were clear. Details of which he was supposed to be ignorant were recorded—an immortal catalogue of a less than mortal Emperor . . ."



Thrilling? Every line will intrigue and interest you—read it all . . . "Petronius Arbiter," written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

ALL THESE TO ENJOY IN THE FEBRUARY "BRITANNIA AND EVE"

HOW TIMES DO CHANGE . . . No. 2: Newspapers
"GALLOPING NIECES" *by James Francis Dwyer*
INTO THE NEW WORLD *by C. Patrick Thompson*
MAKING THE KINGS OF TO-MORROW *by Joan Woollcombe*
"ACCORDING TO PLAN" *by H. T. W. Bousfield*
THE HAPPY EXILES: *by Negley Farson*
"GREY FOX GOES BACK": *by W. R. Calvert*
FISHERMEN'S WAR IN THE NORTHERN LIGHTS: *by P. Jerome Willis*
"TOO GOOD TO PRINT" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"TARRBRIDGE BALLOONS, LTD." *by Charles G. Booth*
BOOKS: *reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
THE PLAY-WAY OF LEARNING *by "Lisa"*
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*
RADIO—A MODERN MIRACLE *by Winifred Lewis*
MOTORING SECTION *conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*
I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW *by Mary Young*
"JUST AFRICA!": *by Arthur Mills*
FASHION SECTION: *by Jean Burnup*
YOUR BEDROOM TO-DAY *by Dexter Morand*
DRESS YOUR TABLE ACCORDING TO THE MEAL
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES: The London home of Mrs. Philip Astley, better known as Madeleine Carroll
WHAT HOUSEKEEPING HAS TAUGHT ME: *by Winifred Lewis*
A CARDIGAN JUMPER
SOME FAVOURITE PUDDINGS: *Recipes by A. H. Adair*
THE BEST DISHES OF OTHER COUNTRIES: Cucina Italiana
FOR HOUSEWIVES ONLY: ideas for the Kitchen

OH! YOU MUST GET . . . BRITANNIA AND EVE

February issue on sale Now at all Newsagents and Bookstalls

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.—*February* 9, 1935. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.